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ART. I.—*The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Percival Stockdale: containing many interesting Anecdotes of the illustrious Men with whom he was connected. Written by Himself. In two volumes, 8vo.* Longman. 1809.

IN Vol. XIII. of the New Series of the C.R. p. 142, we gave an impartial account of Mr. Percival Stockdale's Lectures on the eminent English Poets. In our present number we shall exhibit an analysis of the principal circumstances of his life, as they are represented in these amusing volumes.

Mr. Stockdale tells us that he was born at Branxton in Northumberland on the 26th of October, O. S. in the year 1736. Mr. S. intimates that his father cherished a presentiment of his future eminence, for he says that, when he was one day riding within view of Branxton, his father said to him with great seriousness and emphasis: 'You may make that place remarkable for your birth, IF YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.' Mr. S. represents his father, who was vicar of Branxton, and perpetual curate of Cornhill near the Tweed, as a man of scrupulous veracity; an elevated quality which even many who revere, too often want the courage to practise, particularly when it is likely to impede their temporal advancement. Mr. Stockdale, the father, undoubtedly took no small pains, and with more than ordinary success, to impress this dignified and dignifying virtue on the conscience of his son; many of the untoward circumstances of whose life may be traced to the honest and undisguised expression of his sentiments. There are occasions, in which the

prudential regards for interest, which even an unvitiated mind may feel, can hardly be reconciled with the rigorous injunctions of veracity, in which even silence may imply the equivocation of falsehood or the abandonment of truth. There may be times in which the interests of truth require a man plainly and distinctly to avow his dissent from particular propositions, when assent may be coupled with all the gay lures of secular gratification. On such occasions Mr. Stockdale appears usually to have exerted the energies of an independent mind; and neither to have concealed what he felt nor to have feigned what he did not feel.

Mr. S. informs us that when he was about six years old a great love of learning had seized his mind.

'My father,' says he, 'used to transcribe for me into small books made by himself, passages in verse and prose, which he extracted from the course of his own reading; and which were remarkable for their elegance, or impressive of virtue. Some of these passages were from Greek authors; my father often explained them to me carefully, and minutely: he soon taught me to read Greek;—I fixed them accurately in my memory; and thus inflamed with their spirit, though not conversant with their language, I frequently repeated them with emphasis, and fire; not a little to the entertainment of the persons who visited us.'

In 1745, Mr. S. was placed in the Latin-school at Alnwick, of which Mr. Abram Rumney was master.

'After my parents had entered me at Alnwick-school, and in the family with whom I was to board, they left the place. I have as lively a remembrance of our parting, as if it had happened yesterday. They took leave of me, at the house of a friend, on the open, large ground, before the castle. My grief was frantic, and beyond all bounds: I rushed from the house, as they were mounting their horses, ran to them, and clung to their arms. At that moment what a heart-rending conflict was there in their breasts, betwixt the pathetick feelings of affection, and the prevailing sense of their doing what was right! The clamorous agony of my mind, brought the neighbours about us; we were torne, as it were, from each other;—and this was the end of a short, and domestick, though not ineloquent, nor unimportant tragedy.'

This is a very lively and natural representation of a familiar occurrence, of which the early childhood of hoary-headed reviewers as well as others, will probably furnish some painful and pleasurable recollections.

Our author remained five years, with the exception of a long interval which he spent at home, at Alnwick-school, when he was placed under the care of the Rev. Joseph Rumney, master of the free grammar-school of Berwick

upon Tweed. Mr. S. accuses this gentleman of what we hope is not a common vice in school-masters, a marked partiality to the children of the rich. In 1752, Mr. S. informs us that his studies experienced some interruption, from the impulses of a passion to which more serious pursuits are often forced to yield.

'I became,' says he, 'extremely enamoured with a very pretty young lady of Berwick; who then lived at the head of the wool market. This latter epithet, I now apply to her, with the strictest propriety: but at the period to which I allude, I thought that she excelled all the powerful, and triumphant goddesses, in the gay, Grecian mythology. I have been frequently, and rapturously in love with virtuous women; but partly from my natural delicacy of sentiment; and partly from those moral, and religious restraints which I always revered: my flame was generally purified from a violent propensity to sensual enjoyment. I was a PETRARCH to my LAURA.

'On this occasion, no man could say to me with propriety—'Digne puer meliore flammâ!'—It's object was prudent, virtuous, and good; and she had the modesty, or the art to be, or to *seem*, unconscious of her charms. She is yet living at Berwick; and I hope that she is well, and happy. She has been for many years, a widow: she was married to a worthy officer of the army; and she has been the joyful mother of several children.'

In 1752, while Mr. S. was at Berwick, John Wilkes, of noted memory, came down to oppose Mr. Delaval as candidate for that borough. On this occasion our author mentions one or two anecdotes of Mr Wilkes, which our readers may not be displeased with us for submitting to their perusal. The following is a stratagem which Mr. W. practised before he left London to weaken the force of his parliamentary opponents. He prevailed with the master of a smack, who had a cargo of Berwick-burgesses on board, who were to be sent to vote for Mr. Delaval,

'to overshoot the harbour of Berwick, and to land his pure and constitutional freight, wherever he pleased in Scotland. The elements, and the revolutions in the heavens, favoured the manœuvre; a dark night, succeeded by a Scotch mist, wrapped in impenetrable shades, the long-wished-for port; and if I rightly remember, the astonished patriots were first undeceived by the sight of Leith, which terminated their voyage. Yet, in spite of this artifice; and in spite of his assiduities, talents, and gallantry, Mr. Wilkes lost his election.'

'Mr. Wilkes went to an assembly, during the Berwick-election. In the course of the evening, he payed his compliments to Mrs. Delaval, in a most respectful manner; who made a cold return;

as she was not very well prepared to receive them. The gentleman, however, gradually, and gently, improved on his first address; entered into a conversation with the lady, which his presence of mind, and command of subjects, rendered very agreeable; and which came powerfully recommended by that profound, but artfully insinuating homage, which is the supreme pleasure, and triumph of those charming beings who 'delight in empire.' After he had made his retiring bow, and left her, she declared to the company around her, that if Mr. Delaval had not been her husband, she would have ardently wished for the success of Mr. Wilkes.—Surely I have evident proofs, that with all the objections that could be made to him, there must have been something very engaging in this man. Nothing was inexpugnable to his generalship in politeness; neither a blooming lady; nor a stern philosopher. Mr. Boswell can vouch for me, and Mr. Dilly, a bookseller in the Poultry, at whose house the victory was gained; that the social artillery which conquered the prejudices of Mrs. Delaval, many years after, mollified, nay totally subdued the literary, political, moral, and religious hatred; in short, all the violent antipathy of Dr. Johnson.'

In 1754 Mr. Stockdale, who was now in his eighteenth year, returned home to his father, and went to school no more. In this year our author confesses that he felt, for a third time the fugitive influence of the tender passion.

'A young woman,' says he, '(her name was Jenny Mossman) came to Cornhill, for the benefit of the waters. If I rightly remember, she was a farmer's daughter. She was a fine girl, and dressed very smartly. I became extremely enamoured of her: *her* image often foiled, and transcended, the majesty of Virgil; broke, and confused the progress of my epigrammatical compositions, and burned up the sacred roots of my sprouting Hebrew. I generally contrived to sit opposite to this girl at church; where (God forgive me!) I was often guilty of a sacrilegious adoration. I was wickedly neglecting my duty to God; and paying an alienated, and profane homage to *her* charms, while, perhaps, at the very same hour; and perhaps with a baser impiety, the prebendaries of a cathedral, in the midst of their pompous worship, were languishingly anticipating the *fumette* of a partridge, or a pheasant; and while the minor canons, were meditating some well-timed, and ingenious adulation, with which they were to fumigate those prebendaries, and thus to advance their promotion. Priest that I *am*, I shall never give myself absolution for my offence; though I really think that *theirs* was meaner, and more profligate. This juvenile, and imprudent affection, gave my dearest mother great uneasiness; as my father afterwards told me in a letter, when I was at the University. It prognosticated to *her* good judgment, that great constitutional susceptibility, and ardour; which, to their possessor, were the sources of many future woes.'

In October 1754, Mr. Stockdale proceeded to the univer-

sity of St. Andrews, where his father had obtained for him, an exhibition, or, as it is called in Scotland, a bursary. When he left Cornhill, he says, with touching pathos, that 'his dearest father followed him with his eye as far as it could reach. When he returned home, he said to my mother, and to our maid, with a sigh and a tear;—I have been taking the last look of my son,—he pronounced the truth; for we never saw each other more.' The affection and respect, with which Mr. Stockdale always speaks of his parents, who are frequently mentioned in these volumes, the tender veneration with which he seems to cherish their memory, and his simple and artless effusions of regret for having occasionally slighted their authority and neglected their injunctions, do him great honour; and prove him possessed of that genuine sensibility, which is not incompatible with occasional deflections from virtue, but which is never the associate of obdurate vice.

Mr. S. gives an account of the professors, &c. at the university of St. Andrews, during his residence. His brief sketches of their several characters appear to be drawn with much force and discrimination. We were pleased with the portraiture of the learning and genius of this ancient seat of literature at this time. The following may serve as a specimen of the spirit with which Mr. Stockdale writes, and of the generous and amiable candour with which he confesses his misconduct and retracts his errors.

'I experienced much kind attention from the *literati* of St. Andrews; and in general, from the inhabitants of the town; nor did they, notwithstanding my repeated follies, totally deprive me of their civilities, and esteem, while I continued there. The vivacity, and fire of my imagination, which were agreeably displayed in society; my literary acquirements; and my specimens of poetical composition, procured me a polite reception from the best families in the place: it appeared from my great indiscretions, that I had not a proper sense of this hospitality, and kindness; of which I did not deserve the generous, and long duration. I frequently threw out the ungentlemanlike prejudices, and illiberality of the borderer; and in conversation, and in my verses, made invidious, and obnoxious comparisons between the pretensions of the two countries to those advantages, and excellencies which most elegantly, and gloriously distinguish nations. It was long, however, before these imprudences, and ill manners brought a shade upon me.—I take this opportunity, sincerely, and severely to condemn myself for those inequitable, and most illiberal national prejudices, which I entertained in former years; and which I can now conscientiously declare, that by longer and more accurate observation, and experience, I have totally surmounted.—And let me hope, that the hospitable, and brave Caledonians (as *these* qualities are

perfectly congenial with the utmost expansion of christian benevolence) will completely forgive the very great obliquity of the offence, for the publick frankness of the confession.—I have suffered, and deservedly, very acute pains, and severe mortifications; but in my many removals through life; in it's few fortunate periods; in it's few halcyon days; no man has seen more clearly, and felt with a more lively pleasure than myself, the involuntary, or the frank, and easy homage, which is payed; the generous, and the patient indulgences which are shown, to a natural manner which is not unengaging; and to talents which raise us above the common level of mankind. If genius could divest itself of it's disadvantageous peculiarities; if it could divest itself of it's ardent, and precipitate passions;—that is impossible;—if it could regulate and govern them; *that* is possible; but it is extremely difficult, and therefore seldom atchieved;—it would obtain a sublimity of station, amidst the creatures of God;—it would obtain an ether of happiness, which would exalt our sublunary existence beyond the due proportion to it's mortal, and transitory state.'

'I always loved coffee, and tea: and I loved them the better that they were presented to me by women. I was honoured with much attention by the ladies of St. Andrews; by the genteelest of them, and *they* were flaming jacobites.—'One would give up every farthing of her property, and beg in the streets.'—Another 'would submit to have her head struck off on a block; provided that her charming prince was established on the throne.' The loyal zeal of them all, flowed in strains similar to these which I have mentioned. And I really believe that they would cheerfully have fulfilled their conditions, if the much desired event had succeeded. For the fair sex, whose imagination is more impetuous, and extravagant, as their reason is less vigorous than *ours*, often excell us, in nobly disinterested, and romantically heroick; and exceed us in desperately profligate, and abandoned deeds. The irresistible power, and fascination of female influence, operating on the activity, and versatility of my fancy, gradually shook my constitutional loyalty; and at length seduced my allegiance from the house of Brunswick to that of Stuart. It was not the mere society and pleasures of the tea-table, that made a rebel, or a convert of me; it was not the excellent currant-jelly, and marmalade, which, at that time, made a part of it's entertainment; but it was the contagious, and intoxicating ardour of their passion; it was the romance of their eloquence, it was the national enthusiasm that flushed, and animated their charms, to which *I* fell a civil, and political victim.—I now pursued, in imagination, the foolish meteor of the adoration of kings; and I was completely worthy of the white cockade. This meteor was often predominant in my convivial hours; in which, with souls that had been equally sublimed in the retort of monarchy, I devotedly drank the restoration, in whiskey punch, of strength proportionable to the spirit, and glory of the cause. In this respect, I have since been wiser. Whenever I now contemplate kings, I bring them down

to the moral and intellectual test of common men. Hence, as, when I think of them, I sincerely estimate them as most of them really *are*;—and as I neither expect, nor fear any thing from them, as I am totally independent of them, I need not apprehend that my mind will ever again be degraded, and dissipated on *their* account, into any mean degeneracy, into any idle waste of enthusiasm or of praise.'

While Mr. Stockdale was at St. Andrews, he appears occasionally to have sacrificed rather too freely to the *jolly god*; and he relates with considerable vivacity some of the acts of riot and revelry in which he engaged while under the wild impulse of Bacchanalian power. One of these frolics had nearly caused him to be expelled, or, as the Scotch express it, to be *extruded* from the university. Mr. S., it seems, had been drinking largely with some of his companions at an inn, whence they proceeded to the college-kitchen, where they found

'Tommy Band, the under cook, defenceless and alone. He was cleaning the utensils of the kitchen; or rather wiping off *old* dirt, and substituting *new*. I had long owed this man a grudge, for the slow poisons which he had (though without malice propense) administered to me. I immediately proposed that we should bury him alive beneath a heap of coals. The proposal was accepted with exultation; and Bacchus bowed his approbation of the sentence. We were determined to avenge our passed disgusts and surfeits, with *coals*; on which our dinners had often been by *him* most dreadfully *carbonaded*. The poor creature was almost an ideot; but if his remonstrances and supplications had been enforced with the eloquence of Cicero, they would have been vain. In short, the black deed was committed, and the entrance of Thomas Meffin, the upper-cook, saved him from something like suffocation.'

The upper-cook, who bore no previous good will to Mr. Stockdale, from the negative manner in which he had panegyrized his culinary art, preferred an accusation against Mr. S. before two or three of the most austere of the regents; who, in conjunction with their brethren, passed the sentence of *extrusion* upon our author; but which, at the intercession of his friend and fellow-collegian lord Doune, son of the earl of Moray, they were induced to revoke. Mr. S. had before this occurrence incurred the displeasure of the less tolerant of the professors by attending divine worship in the house of the non-juring Mr. Lyndesay. For this act of disobedience our author was summoned before a council of the masters, who insisted on his 'punctual attendance for the future at the high kirk, on every Sabbath-day.' Mr. S. defended the rights of conscience against this inquisitorial

attack with great ardour and ability, though he ultimately conformed to the rule in compliance with the wishes of his father. The following reflections which Mr. Stockdale incorporates with the narrative of the above occurrence are very animated and just.

'To priests, indeed, of all persuasions, a very limited power should always be confided; *great* power is abhorrent from *their* province, properly understood; it is a glaring solecism in their profession. It should be withheld from them, for *another* cogent and most important reason; because they are, in general, strongly inclined to make themselves complete contrasts to the precepts, and example of their blessed, and gentle master; to *him* who publickly declared that 'his kingdom was not of this world;' to his universal mildness, to his universal humility, to his divine and invincible toleration. The causes of this fever of ecclesiastical ambition, and of the success which it has too often acquired, may be easily, evidently, and without any sophistry, ascertained. That love of dominion which is inherent in the arrogant, and encroaching nature of man, has been stimulated in the conduct of churchmen; and it's views have been promoted by incentives, and engines, which were denied to all the other members of the community. With an artful, yet daring, and audacious impiety, they have made the supreme being a confederate with *their* selfish, and imperious passions: by asserting the authority of heaven, and by scaring and frightening mankind with the terrors of hell, they have overwhelmed them with their anathemas, and fulminations, comparatively with which, moral, nay even civil obligations, have proved weak, and inefficient; and thus they have often insatiably robbed, and most inhumanly oppressed a credulous, superstitious, and deluded world.'

Mr. Stockdale lost his father in the spring of 1755:—we shall not notice the apparitions, dreams, and other remarkable circumstances which he mentions as connected with this event; but we cannot pass in silence over the eloquent tears with which he bedews his grave. For a time the grief of Mr. S. was too impetuous and violent to admit of any of those soothing applications, which friendship or which reflection can minister to the troubled mind. It was in the peculiarity of his sensitive temperament one of those events which seem for a time to disorder all the functions of the soul; to cloud the whole expanse of the understanding, and to desolate every chamber of the heart.

Mr. S. left the university of St. Andrews early in the summer of 1755; and repaired to Berwick, where his widowed mother had an apartment in the sailors' barracks, the residence of the poor and unfortunate.

'Our embrace,' says Mr. Stockdale, 'was ardent, and tender; a short scene of sighs, and tears, and silence, followed;—a fine con-

flict of our best nature; pregnant with the most pathetic, and beautiful moral sentiments, and imagery; which refused *that* verbal expression that would have deadened their life, and action. When these agitations of affection subsided; our minds admitted language; descended to the level of calm condolence; and we payed our mutual tribute to the amiable, and pious life; and to the lamented death of my dear father. In this our first conversation, we could not avoid regretting our hard circumstances, and our discouraging prospects; but we mitigated them by a trust in Providence, and by a christian resignation.'

Mr. S. now sought solace in literary exertion; but he confesses that in his visits in the county (of Northumberland)

'but especially in Bamboroughshire; he was frequently seduced to the warm worship of the jolly god; who often came thither in triumph; or rather who loved to reside there;—he seemed to take as much delight in our northern cliffs, as in his temple at Naxos; or in his Thasian groves.'

Mr. Stockdale now turned his thoughts to the military life. My new resolution, says he, received the stroke of confirmation, from my great propensity to gaiety and pleasure, which are *warranted viatica* in the life of a soldier, but *contraband* in that of a priest. One of his friends endeavoured, through the interest of the member for Berwick, to procure him an ensigncy; but till this appointment could be obtained, he resolved to return to St. Andrews, where his exhibition would contribute something towards his support; and he made up the deficiency by teaching the French language with which he had made himself well acquainted. He appears to have given considerable satisfaction to his pupils in this new employment.

Our author tells us, that the book, which, at this time, particularly charmed and delighted his fancy, was Voltaire's History of Charles the twelfth of Sweden. Mr. Stockdale has made some very just and pertinent remarks on the character of this monarch, which he seems to have appreciated more correctly than most of his biographers.—Charles has been often termed the madman of the north; but if the ardent pursuit of a particular object constitute madness, all truly great men have been mad since the creation of the world.—The ardent pursuit of Charles was military fame, and who will say that his means were not well calculated to obtain this end? We are not now considering whether the end were wise or foolish, moral or flagitious.—The actions of kings will seldom bear such a scrutiny.

Charles had an object before him which he kept steadily in view;—and from the pursuit of which he could never be diverted by pleasure nor by indolence. His whole soul was concentered in the passion for military renown;—to this he sacrificed every inferior consideration; impelled by this enthusiasm, he performed mighty deeds, with comparatively trivial means; and if he had not been unfortunately wounded on the fatal day of Pultowa, he would have rallied his troops, and more than probably have triumphed over the czar.—Charles was great, where great qualities often dwindle into little—in a long series of adverse events, which his heroic spirit could not overcome, but to which it scorned to yield.—Heroes have never shared any large portion of our regard; but while heroism continues to be the theme of eulogy, we think that that of Charles merits no scanty portion of praise.

In March 1756, Mr. Stockdale received a letter from his friend at Berwick with the gratifying intelligence that he had procured him 'a second lieutenancy in the twenty-third or royal Welsh fusileers;' commanded by lieutenant-general *John Huske*, whom the soldiers affectionately termed *Daddy Huske*.—Mr. S. now bade a lasting adieu to the ancient walls of St. Andrews, and set out on a Scotch hack, for Berwick upon Tweed, full of gay and blooming hopes, which were successively cropped by the harpies of calamity, which lay in ambush to impede his military as well as his ecclesiastical career. Our author sailed from Berwick with a brother officer for London, and after a rough but short voyage, anchored in the Thames.—Mr. Stockdale now interrupts his narrative with a long digression on the peculiar excellences of the different performers of both sexes who have adorned the English theatres in his time. This part of his work, however irrelevant it may be thought by some of his readers, appears to be executed with discrimination and ability.

In the spring of 1756, Mr. S. left London, and went with two brother officers to Portsmouth, where he embarked on board the fleet which was commanded by admiral Byng. Mr. S. was present in the partial engagement between the English and French fleets on the 20th of May 1756, of which he offers some details. Our author was after this stationed for a short time at Gibraltar.

'There was much hard drinking,' says he, 'at Gibraltar, in my early youth; there is too much of it still, there. Nothing can show the salubrity of the climate more than the general good health of the garrison, amidst a great deal of intemperance. The late general O'Hara told me, that he had been stationed as a soldier, in many different climates; but that he never knew such

moderate lists of the sick in the common course of health, as those of the military hospital of Gibraltar.

'As I was of a lively, and social temper, I entered too deeply into the conviviality of the place; and often made too large libations to Bacchus. But in no situation of my life did I ever forget learning. I had a very few, but very excellent books with me; which I did not neglect to study; and I borrowed some, of those few officers, who had a taste for respectable reading. I attended to classical learning; and I cultivated my knowledge of the French language; both in reading, and conversation. I gave many of my studious hours to the Ancient History of the elegant and virtuous Rollin. I would recommend his works, though they have been despised by erudition, and pedantry, to the careful perusal of young scholars. They are very happily adapted to store their minds with classical knowledge; and to improve, and exalt their morals: and it would be petulant, in old age, not to be pleased with their eloquence, and with their useful remembrances of important history.'

In the autumn of 1756, Mr. S. was ordered back to England, and landed at Southampton; whence he proceeded to the winter-quarters appointed for his regiment at Leicester. We shall transcribe his account of his march to that place, and his encomium on pedestrian travelling and exercise, as a seasonable antidote to the opposite opinions which we quoted from Sir J. Hoare in our last number.

'The "good old town of LEICESTER" was the place appointed for our winter-quarters. As our route lay, we had a march thither of a hundred and thirty, or a hundred and forty miles. The weather was rough; and the roads were bad; but I was very poor; therefore I marched on foot, with other subalterns; whose circumstances were as pedestrian as my own. There is a social ardour, and generosity in the military character. In our way, our superior officers frequently mounted us on *their* horses, to accommodate and relieve us, and walked for several miles. But we were very festive, jovial, and happy, during this winter-march. From common difficulties, youth, and gaiety, and conviviality, suffer no depression; they ever turn them into subjects of mirth, and inoffensive ridicule. Besides, in our physical, as well as moral passage through life, we ought to deem many events, and situations; ultimately blessings, which we are apt to think extreme hardships, and calamities. How many pampered, and titled mortals; indolently lounging, and parading in splendid carriages; and loaded with gross diseases, have reason severely to regret that in their general bodily progress, their circumstances had not obliged him to make an active and strenuous use of their legs! It is farther to be remarked, that no mode of exercise, not even that of horseback itself, so effectually, and indeed agreeably (if our sensations, and sentiments, are not perverted by habit) contributes to preserve, enliven, and invigorate health, as

walking. In walking, the exercise is most regularly, and equally distributed through all parts of the frame; and the action, and degree of that exercise, make just that motion and agitation, which the animal organs require. I may likewise observe, that when we are on foot, we may deviate when we please, through narrow, and obstructed paths; and take our stand on some arduous ground, from which we may enjoy a variety of grand, and beautiful prospects, that would be inaccessible to us, if our journey was in any other way. Who will presume to controvert this theory, when I add, that walking is that constitutional, permanent, and universal exercise, which is appointed for man, by his Creator?'

Mr. S. very candidly recites some instances of his indiscretion at Leicester as at other places, where he had a temporary residence in his rambling life. From Leicester he was sent on a recruiting party to Biggleswade in Bedfordshire. At Biggleswade our author tells us that he enjoyed some few luminous and halcyon days.—Mr. S. exhibits some amusing sketches of the acquaintance which he formed in this neighbourhood. The following may serve as a specimen of his lively delineations. It is the characteristic portrait of John Harvey, Esq. of Ickwell, a village about four miles from Biggleswade.

'He was an old, and merry batchelor; and an affectionate, and generous uncle to his nephews, who lived with him. On these young gentlemen, he had not bestowed the polish of a liberal education; their knowledge, indeed, was very common, and limited; it's principal objects, were country affairs:—but he had assiduously trained, and habituated them to the sports of the field; to which, as long as he had strength to move, he was very much addicted. Of this honest ranger of hill, and dale, hunting was the chief rural pleasure. Nothing can totally pervert, and spoil a *good*; nothing can effectually correct, and reform, a *bad* disposition.—It had not been in the power even of the rough, and barbarous joys of the chace, to harden *his* neighbourly, humane, and friendly heart; which was ever open to good impressions; and which often impelled him to the performance of good offices.—I imagine that he was in his grand climacterick, when I knew him. He enjoyed a hereditary estate, which had descended to him from a long line of ancestors; and which was worth two thousand pounds a year, fifty years ago.—I frequently visited at *his* house; which was delightfully situated; where I enjoyed several charming, literary days, (for *I* read, while *he*, and his *nephews* hunted,) and several pleasant, and mirthful nights.—He weighed almost twenty stone; but he was on horseback; and followed the hounds keenly, almost every day. He lived well, but he was not intemperate; *such* a man you may easily suppose, would be jolly sometimes. His brisk exercise, co-operating with a natural strong constitution, gave his body, though corpulent, the vigour, and activity; the circulation

of his blood, the sprightliness; and his face, the ruddy suffusion of a second youth. He was certainly, altogether, one of the most extraordinary men, I ever knew. And *he* must have been a very hard, and unrelaxing scholar; literature must not have produced it's best, and most amiable effects on *his* mind, who could not be pleased, and affectionately engaged, with the friendship of this hearty old gentleman.—He sung a good song; his voice was strong; yet it had it's softer melody; his natural musical taste, was judicious; for he felt what he sung. When fancy was pursuing a train of gay ideas; when he was at a happy hour of elevation; I was never tired; nay, I was always delighted with hearing him sing the following song in Comus.—It is, to this day, more deeply imprinted in my imagination, by the unaffected, and unadorned performance of Mr. Harvey, than by all the gaudy, and meretricious embellishments, with which it *ever* took my attention in the theatre.

'By dimpled brook, and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry, merry wakes, and gambols keep
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better joys to prove;
Venus now wakes; and wakens love!
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin;
'Tis only day-light, &c.

'He had likewise a favourite hunting-song; which, in his rosy hours, he used to sing with great spirit, and glee.—I remember only it's chorus:—

And all the day long,
This, this is our song;
Still hollowing, and following,
So frolick, and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds;
No mortals on earth, are so happy as we.

'He used to soften his joys of society, and of Bacchus, with a soothing pipe. He was very liberal of his wine to his friends. He had an elegant chrystal tun, which his butler used to fill with a *magnum bonum* (two bottles of claret)—bunches of grapes were *cut*, and a silver Bacchus was *mounted* on it; it turned on a pivot; and from this transparent cask; and from a silver cock, we drew the ruby nectar of Bourdeaux.—While his soul was warmed with social inspiration;—while, with this precious vessel before him; with his pipe in his hand;—with his rosy, and jolly face, beaming hospitality, and transport; which were enforced by a large, white, and venerable, yet comic wig; he enjoyed the rapture of one of his own festive songs; while he exerted *this* spirit, and was dignified with these ensigns of conviviality;—the god himself, of Crete, and

Naxos (for in youthful age, this *bon vivant* challenged immortality) seemed to preside at our meeting;—or at least, he completely represented to my fancy, a sublime demi-god, or a jovial high-priest; the Silenus of Ægle; or the Bitias of Dido.'

In June 1757, Mr. S.'s recruiting party was dissolved, and he went into camp at Chatham. Not many months after his he resolved to relinquish a military life, which he found but little to accord with his habits and inclinations. His friends did all they could to dissuade him from that which in his circumstances they deemed an act of singular temerity and imprudence. But says our author

'to compleat any scheme; to execute *any* project that had seized my mind, and at *any* hazard; how unwarrantable soever by prudence, and common sense, was the occasion; and how strongly soever I was dissuaded from it;—was unfortunately a part of my constitution, and of my habits.'

In November 1757, Mr. S. bade adieu to the army for ever; with the mention of this event our author concludes the first volume of his Memoirs. Want of space will oblige us to give a more brief account of the contents of the second.

From the period in which he quitted the army to the Michaelmas of 1759, when he was ordained deacon by Dr. Trevor, bishop of Durham, he appears to have pursued his studies with unremitting diligence. He made himself master of the Hebrew language; he enlarged his knowledge of the French and Italian, and read some good theological works, in order to fit himself for the sacred function which he designed to undertake.

After his ordination Mr. Stockdale repaired to London, to officiate as substitute to Mr. Sharpe in the curacy and lectureship of Duke's place near Aldgate. On his way to London, our author accidentally met Dr. Brown, the author of Essays on Lord Shaftsbury's Characteristicks, &c. whom he found a very agreeable companion, and with whom he formed an acquaintance which subsisted for several years.—To add to his clerical salary, which was only forty pounds a year, Mr. S. began to translate a French treatise on the *belles lettres*, for Lockyer Davis in Holborn;—but, says he,

'I soon tired of my task; partly because I was not born for translating, and partly because I was idly disposed; and more intent on making my purse lighter, than on adding to its weight.'

In 1762, Mr. S. went down to Berwick to be curate to

Mr. Thorp—the vicar of that place. 'Here,' says he, 'I passed five years; in which time I waged a determined war against my credit and my happiness.' But in this interval Mr. S. wrote several poetical pieces, which have been noticed by our predecessors in the conduct of the C.R.

In the summer of 1767 our restless and roaming bard sailed for London; and in the autumn of the same year we find him at Villa Franca, about two miles east of Nice. In this elysian spot he remained almost two years; and sat down, as he says, seriously to his studies; and read and wrote a good deal.—Mr. S. returned to London in 1769 in very indigent circumstances. He offered in an advertisement to teach languages.—This advertisement brought him acquainted with Mr. Ayrey, a gentleman who lived in Manchester-buildings, Westminster.

'He had no need of the instructions which I had publickly proposed; but there was something (as he afterwards told me) in the strain and manner of the advertisement, with which he was particularly pleased; and on *that* account, he was determined to see me. I found in *him*, the most benevolent, and generous man; and the warmest, and most genuine friend, that I ever knew. He did not believe the divine origin of the scriptures; but perhaps, there was not a man living, who, in the charitable, humane, and liberal essentials of their precepts, practised them so nobly. He was an auditor of accounts in chancery; but he never would engage in any business, till it was evinced to him, that the cause was of the most immaculate integrity.'

In 1770 our author translated Tasso's *Aminta* for Mr. Davies, a bookseller in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. He sent a copy of this work to the first Lord Lyttleton; who paid him a visit at his lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-Street, two or three days after his lordship had received the present of Mr. Stockdale.

'In this interview, we had some conversation on Dr. Johnson, and his writings. Lord Lyttleton regretted the roughness of his manners; and the too frequently uniform, and elaborate structure of his style. I observed that it was apt to cloy us like honey; he liked the similitude.—"But (said his lordship) notwithstanding the exceptionable parts of his character, as a writer, and a social being; if I had power, there is no man whom I should be more desirous to serve; on account of his learning; his talents; and his virtue."

'My translation of Aminta, gave occasion to his lordship of saying something on blank verse. He told me, that on a visit to Mr. Pope at Twickenham, while he was translating the Iliad, he took

the liberty to express to that great poet, his surprise that he had not determined to translate Homer's poem into blank verse; as it was an epic poem;—and as he had before him the illustrious example of Milton, in the Paradise Lost.—Mr. Pope's answer to Lord Lyttleton was,that' he could translate it more easily into rhyme.'—I communicated this anecdote to Dr. Johnson; his remark on it to me, was very erroneous in criticism; and it was very irreverent and rude, to a memory which deserved more respectful treatment,—" Sir,—when Pope said *that*, he knew that he lied." The remark was false criticism; because there is no doubt, for it is demonstrated by great examples, that the genius of *some* poets is peculiarly adapted to excell in blank verse; and that of *others*, in rhyme.'

On the death of Dr. Guthrie in 1770, Mr. Stockdale appears to have taken an active share in one of the departments of the C.R. till the April of the following year, when some dispute with Mr. Hamilton, the then proprietor, on the subject of pecuniary compensation, caused him to relinquish his critical toils. The next literary undertaking, in which we find Mr. Stockdale engaged, was a life of the poet Waller to be prefixed to Fenton's elegant edition of his works. He appears to have executed his task much to the satisfaction of his employer.—Our author next translated the Antiquities of Greece which were written in Latin by Lambert Bos.—In 1773 Mr. Stockdale published his poem of 'the Poet,' which, he tell us, 'was admired by the first judges of poetical merit.' This poem had been shown to Garrick in manuscript, who professed himself in raptures with its beauties. An acquaintance followed between Garrick and the author, which Mr. Stockdale confesses to have been attended with 'substantial offices of friendship,' on the part of the English Roscius. In 1773 Mr. Stockdale,who seems to have been much too versatile in his modes of life, and too much addicted to locomotive propensities, procured through the interest of Garrick, the situation of chaplain on board the Resolution, a guardship of seventy-four guns, which was lying at Spithead. He kept this office for three years,during which he lived in several places,—'on board of the *Resolution*; at Portsmouth;—in the Isle of Wight; and in London.'—But during this period, he does not appear to have relaxed his literary diligence. In 1766 he published a translation of Sabbatier's work on 'the institutions, customs, and manners of the ancient nations.'—He at the same time varied his labours by devoting a portion of his industry to theology and the muses.

One of the next productions of Mr. S. was an attempt to refute the critical reasoning of Dr. Warton in his Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, and to assert for that

great poet a right to a higher station in the temple of the muses than has been assigned to him by the head-master of Winchester school. Mr. Stockdale, whom some of the readers of these memoirs will probably think rather too propense to panegyrise his own productions, says of his work against Dr. Warton, that he 'executed his refutation of a scholastic and presumptuous critic, with some strength of argument, and with a strain of eloquence.' 'Mr. S. says that Dr. Johnson solemnly promised to mention this defence of Pope in his life of that poet, with glowing praise; but Mr. S. had the mortification to find the essay of Dr. Warton highly extolled, while his own was not honoured with one sentence of approbation.—When the booksellers in 1779 had resolved to publish a complete edition of the English poets, Mr. Stockdale was selected to write the lives; but he says that the personal dislike of Strahan induced them to violate the engagement, when the work was transferred to Dr. Johnson.

In 1784 Lord Thurlow, to whom Mr. Stockdale had in the preceding year presented a volume of sermons, and some of his poetical pieces, gave him the living of Lesbury in Northumberland, and at the same time, wrote to the Duke of Northumberland to solicit the living of Longhoughton, which was also vacant.—In consequence of the warm recommendation of the chancellor to his grace, the latter bestowed the living of Longhoughton on Mr. Stockdale. Who would not imagine that our author, who had experienced so many previous vicissitudes in life, and had now the opportunity of enjoying the sweet sensation of a peaceful home, admirably suited to the intellectual culture, which seemed a prominent object of his ambition, would not have relinquished that love of *local* novelty which seems to have haunted him through life, and have said with a grateful heart?

'Inveni portum; spes et fortuna valete;
Sat me lusistis: ludite nunc alios.'

But in 1787, we find him quitting Lesbury to accept an invitation from Mr. Matra, the British consul at Tangier, to 'reside with him in the bosom of friendship, and under a genial sky.'—But did Mr. S. forget that it was a despotic government? Mr. S. arrived at Gibraltar at the end of the year 1788; where he received two or three letters from Mr. Matra, which did not encourage him to proceed any further, and our author tells us, that when Mr. Matra met him at Gibraltar, in the following year, he 'showed him much *illiberality of manners*.' Mr. S. was now determined

not to visit Mauritania! Admiral Peyton arrived at Gibraltar in the spring of 1789; when, as he had no chaplain on board his ship, Mr. S. solicited and obtained that situation.

'My cabin,' says he, 'was a very little confined spot on the main deck; almost adjoining to the gun-room; and was hardly ever free from the sound of noisy feet, oaths, and execrations.'

This situation did not long suit Mr. S. though it does not seem to have much disturbed his literary pursuits; for he tells us, that in the miserable cabin above-mentioned he studied the astronomy of Ferguson, and the philosophy of Plutarch; that he translated a good deal of Marsollier's life of Cardinal Ximenes, and wrote thirteen sermons for seamen, which were published in 1791.

On his return to Gibraltar in 1789, Mr. S. formed an acquaintance with Major Grey, with whom he went to visit Mr. Logie the British consul at Algiers. Our author found Mr. Logie 'a vain, empty, miserable sot;' from whom and from his friend Major Grey, he seems to have experienced no small share of brutality and insolence, from which he was glad to escape to the house of Mr. Fore, a French watch-maker at Algiers, who entertained him very hospitably till February 1790, when he procured a passage to Marseilles. From this city he travelled through France, and arrived in London in the spring of the same year. He resided in the metropolis till 1791, then took a cottage at Windsor Forest; whence he removed to Durham in the same year. At this time he wrote his 'Poetical Thoughts on the Banks of the Wear;' and a pamphlet on the slave-trade. In April 1792, he returned to the metropolis. From August 1794, to May 1796, we find him settled at Monmouth, where he composed some of his lectures on the English poets. In May 1796, Mr. S. again revisits the metropolis, takes lodgings at Egham, then at Windsor, takes a house at Durham, which he furnishes, and '*resolves permanently to reside there*;' but finds himself shunned by the 'heavy brothers of the college;' writes his poem of the 'Invincible Island;' leaves his *permanent residence*, at Durham, in 1799; and returns to his vicarage-house at Lesbury after an absence of eight years. At Lesbury he finishes his lectures, writes these memoirs, publishes a collection of poems, &c. &c.

We shall now draw our account of these volumes to a close. The first is the best written, and the most amusing; but both may be read with that degree of interest, which a faithful representation of the varied life of an intelligent individual always inspires, and with that degree of instruction which is to be derived from reflecting on the virtues or the

vices, the industry or the idleness, the right or the wrong courses of our fellow-creatures.—We have given ample proof of Mr. Stockdale's *locomotive propensities*; and we did it in order to impress our more juvenile readers with a conviction of a very important truth in the conduct of life,—that but little benefit is usually derived from change of situation, that similar difficulties, inquietudes, or vexations, will re-appear at different places; that the evil which we experience where we are, is often less than that which we should feel in another locality; that it is wise to make the best of our present circumstances, and not like the *vagrant* (we use the term without the smallest disrespect) author of these Memoirs, to indulge in those vain and delusive anticipations of good, which local transitions may inspire. Happiness is not a local thing;—

'Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.'

We think that Mr. Stockdale has not ill-employed his time in writing his own life; and though we could have wished that he had not so often been his own panegyrist, yet we think that he deserves much praise for the candour with which he has animadverted on his own conduct in different parts of his variegated existence. We now quit his book with our best wishes for the comfort of his remaining years.

ART. II.—*Horæ Ionicæ: a Poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and Part of the adjacent Coast of Greece. By Waller Rodwell Wright, Esq. &c.* 8*vo. pp.* 67. Longman. 1809.

DURING the short peace of Amiens, while, as it were in mockery of the ancient liberties of Greece, all Europe concurred in acknowledging as an independent power the *republic of the seven islands*, Mr. Wright obtained the appointment of consul-general to his Britannic Majesty for that little state. In this situation he remained till the versatile ambition of France, having decreed the demolition of the temporary fabric which she herself had erected, a French force occupied the 'septinsular territory,' and Mr. Wright was compelled not only to relinquish his official capacity but to abandon with precipitation the valuable collection of books and papers which he had made, with the laudable view of transmitting to his countrymen all the particulars in his power, relative to a region so little known in its modern state, and so venerable from the associations of antient learning.

Of his present poem, the only fruit left of his observation and enquiries, he informs us that a part was actually written among the scenes which it professes to describe, the remainder after his return, 'from general recollection, assisted by a few loose notes.' But although the unfortunate circumstances above alluded to have probably deprived us of a fund of most interesting information, which a longer residence on the spot would have enabled the author to collect and communicate, and at the same time that we sincerely lament, on his account, as well as our own, the disappointment of his more extended prospects, we have to return him our thanks for the very high entertainment it has yet been in his power to furnish, of the materials for which the revolutions of states and empires could not deprive him, since they existed in his memory and were engraved on his imagination. The reason which he modestly assigns for hoping that his poem 'will not be unacceptable to the classic reader' is indeed the highest possible recommendation which a descriptive poem can admit. It is the genuine impression of local scenery connected with history upon a mind well stored with knowledge, and impressed in no faint degree with the true feeling and spirit of poetry. We cannot say less than this in favour of a work which has given us a very high degree of pleasure, even though the author is so ignorant, or so diffident, of its merits, as to be 'fully aware that its general style and versification are not calculated to challenge the ordeal of *severer* criticism.' From all *severity* of criticism we shall indeed most willingly abstain, but not from the motive which he has suggested. In examining a work so totally free from all affectation, yet so full of the most pleasing imagery and natural reflection, so unassuming in its form, yet so correct in style and execution, where can criticism find room to expatiate? Our office in such a case becomes perfectly useless, except in directing the attention of our readers to the poem itself, by selecting a few detached passages in justification of our opinions.

'In that dark season, when the sun declines
His southern course among the watry signs,
And icy winter, from his arctic throne,
Extends his reign through half the milder zone;
Clime after clime the torpid spell invades,
From Bergen's forests to Hesperia's glades;
Till, rushing o'er the Adriatic deep,
His storms invest Thessalia's rugged steep.
Here, as if nature's law restrained its course,
The wintry tempest spends its latest force;

Beyond Thesprotia's cliffs unruffled lie
A milder climate and serener sky;
Along the vales more genial breezes flow;
And brighter sunbeams on the mountains glow.
'There was a time, when o'er these favoured plains,
Through wintry months where partial summer reigns,
The sun of freedom cheer'd the rising day,
And blooming science drank the vital ray:
Now, sunk in shades of everlasting night,
Extinct for ever is that golden light:
Forlorn and wither'd lies the Muse's bower;
For stern oppression blasts each opening flower,
Checks in the soul each germ of heavenly birth,
And bows her fairest scyons to the earth;
While every vice to slavish fear allied
Pollutes the heart, and chills its genial tide.
'Yet in unfading bloom the scene appears,
All glowing with the pride of distant years;
And still, by nature and the Muses dress'd,
Might waken rapture in a poet's breast,
E'en I, whose thriftless hand for many a day
Had cast the half-formed classic wreath away,
Feel kindling ardour rush through every vein,
And weave once more the long-forgotten strain.'

The few last lines of this passage are as graceful as they are modest; but enough homage is already paid to the bashfulness of a virgin muse, and we are sorry that the poet goes on to make any further professions of maiden coyness and humility, which, though we believe them in this instance honestly intended, wear always a suspicious appearance, seeming to provoke the question, 'why, if your ability is so very mean as you represent it to be, did you write at all?' It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Wright has, even to this perplexing question, an answer at hand, in the spirit, if not in the language, of an ancient troubadour.

'Yet, when the year renews its lovely prime,
And Spring, advancing from the southern clime,
With rosy smile the infant zephyr greets,
And bathes his tepid wing in balmy sweets,
My heart, responsive, owns the genial glow,
And the wild numbers all unbidden flow.'

We shall now accompany the author in his fancied excursion, as closely as the nature of our work will allow.

He begins with Corfu, the first and largest island of the little dominion to which it belongs, and presents us with a picture of its charms worthy of the ancient garden of Alci-

nous. The prospect of its once famous, and still beautiful harbour, crowned with the classic mountain, Isthone, naturally presents to his imagination the most memorable circumstance in the annals of its former greatness, the sedition of Corcyra, important in itself, but far more important as the origin of the long civil wars which distracted Greece during all the most splendid period of her reign. The description, borrowed from Thucydides, of the long sufferings, the desperate enterprise, and destruction of the brave exiles, is wrought with real feeling.

'Meanwhile the noble and illustrious few,
In faith unshaken, and to honour true,
Were sternly doom'd on foreign shores to know
A wretched life of penury and woe.
'But ah! can distance quench the patriot's flame?
Or wrongs efface a bleeding country's claim?
How vain the thought? Where'er those footsteps stray
That bear him from his native land away,
Indignant though the exile quit his home,
And, like Camillus, curse ungrateful Rome,
Some kindred scene will meet his tearful eyes,
Some sad remembrance in his bosom rise;
His heart still melting, as he still recedes,
Forgets his wrongs and for its country bleeds.
'Thus, many a year, where Achelous guides
His turbid wave, or mild Eurotus glides,
With pensive step the joyless exiles roved
And fondly linger'd near the spot they loved.
At length, indignant, they collect their powers,
Where old Buthrotum rears her warlike towers.
Ill-fated warriors! soon the eastern gale
With unpropitious breezes fills your sail;
And, as it wafts you to your native home,
But speeds your passage to the destin'd tomb.
'And now, restored to loved Corcyra's strand,
Array'd in martial pride I see them stand,
While pensive courage gleams from every eye;
Too few to conquer, yet resolved to die.
Long 'midst the ruins of their falling state,
I mark the heroes struggling with their fate;
I view them on Isthone's rocky height,
From cliff to cliff renew the doubtful fight;
Till, parch'd with thirst, by want and famine press'd,
Fainting with wounds, and unrestored by rest,
Their nerveless arms no more the falchion wield,
They sink exhausted, and despairing yield.'

The siege of Corfu, 'commenced by the Turks imme-

diately after the termination of that of Candia in 1645, and raised about five years afterwards with considerable loss on the part of the assailants,' forms the subject of another digression, not less picturesque than the preceding, and certainly not of inferior interest, when it is considered that the exertions then made by the confederated defenders of the place, opposed the first effectual check to the before unconquered progress of the Ottoman arms, and so delivered Christendom from the apprehension of a worse than Gothic subversion.

Pursuing his course from Corfu towards Zante, the poet passes the little island of Paxu, not without making his advantage of that memorable legend by which alone the name of the deserted spot is signalized.

> 'By Paxu's shores (thus ancient legends say*)
> As once a Grecian vessel held her way,
> Steering her course for fair Hesperia's land,
> Becalm'd she lay beside this desert strand.
> Dark was the night, and stillness reign'd around;
> When, from the shore, a more than mortal sound
> The trembling steersman by his name address'd,
> And spoke in accents wild its sad behest.
> "Hence to the west thy destin'd course pursue,
> And as Palodes rises to thy view,
> Say to the Dryads of her woody shore,
> That Pan, the great, the powerful, is no more!!!"
> 'Awe-struck, the mariner his course pursued,
> And when his vessel near'd the sacred wood,
> In order due invoked the Dryad train,
> And, as enjoin'd, rehears'd the mystic strain;
> When, from each haunted shade, and cavern'd dell,
> Loud piercing shrieks and notes of sorrow swell;
> Wild strains of anguish load the rising gale,
> That now, propitious, fills his bended sail:
> With haste he spreads his canvas to the wind,
> And joys to leave the fearful coast behind.'

We would recommend to Mr. Wright another legend of

'* This legendary tale may be found more at length in Plutarch's treatise, De Defectu Oraculorum. I have interwoven it here, as being the only remarkable mention of this little island which I have been able to discover. This passage is also alluded to by Milton, in his hymn on the Nativity:

> 'The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard and loud lament.'

more modern superstition, relating to the coast of Cephalonia, which is susceptible of great poetical ornament and picturesque description. He will find it in that part of the chronicles of Froissart where the honest historian is relating the return of the French nobles set at liberty after the fatal battle of Nicopolis, very near the conclusion of his work.

The view of Parga, a small town on the continental coast, gives occasion to another historical digression concerning the wars maintained by the Sulliotes (the Greek mountaineers of that neighbourhood) against the Pacha of Joannina, in the account of which stronger traces are to be observed of the old spirit of Grecian liberty than in any other enterprise or atchievement of the modern descendants of that degraded nation. We may readily imagine that neither Actium nor Leucate would be passed by unnoticed, and that Theachia (the Ithaca of old) would awaken sentiments corresponding with the name of its hero. But the beautiful prospect of the port of Zante inspires strains of more genuine poetry,—

'Welcome, Zacynthus, welcome are thy shades,
Thy vine-clad hills, and deep sequester'd glades!
Soft are the gales that o'er thy bosom stray,
And mild the beams that on thy mountains play.
What though no spreading oak or lofty plane*
Here mark the honors of the sylvan reign,
With rapture we survey thy humbler groves,
Still bending as the changeful zephyr moves.
By Acroteria's steep we pass along,
Whose echoing cliffs repeat the boatman's song;
Then to our destin'd station bear away,
And moor our vessel in the shelter'd bay.
'Sure 'tis enchantment bids the prospect rise,
Like some bright fairy vision to my eyes:†
On every side what varied beauty charms!
Here the throng'd city spreads her crescent arms;
To her white bosom woos the swelling tide,
And rises on the mountain's shelvy side;

'* Τραχεια, is an epithet no longer applicable to the isle of Zante, which though graced with plantations of olive, produces no sort of timber, or even a thicket except the oleaster grove on Scopo, and a small copse of pollards and brushwood near the point of Basilico.'

'† It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the beautiful effect produced by the first sight of this charming bay, which would furnish a most interesting subject for the pencil. I have frequently heard it admired as a miniature representation of the bay of Naples; with the difference that the mountain of Scopo, the humble representative of Vesuvius, rises on the left instead of the right. Of the similarity I am unable to judge, as I have never visited Naples.'

Around whose brow in ruin'd grandeur frown
The hoary honours of his rural crown,*
As proudly conscious of the glorious day
When Dion marshall'd here his small array,
With patriot ardour fired his dauntless band,
And led them forth to free his native land.
' Where to the right extends the level shore,
And rippling surges break with fainter roar,
From yonder turret through the yielding air,
The echoing bell sends forth the call of prayer.
Hail to the sacred spot, † whose bosom gave,
Immortal Tully, thine inglorious grave!
Yet why inglorious? Though no mortal guest
Sigh'd o'er thy turf, or bade thine ashes rest,
While undistinguish'd here thy relics slept,
Beside thine humble grave the muses wept;
In heavenly strains thy hallow'd requiem sung,
And o'er thy tomb the votive chaplet flung;
By fancy wreath'd, with flowers of brightest hue,
Yet freshly glistening with Castalian dew,
And mingled ivy-buds in clusters brown,
And virtue's palm, and wisdom's olive-crown.

* * * * * *

An exile thus from scenes of youthful joy,
What solace shall my lingering hours employ?
Fair queen of wisdom! let thy spirit quell
The anxious thoughts that in my bosom swell,
The paths of science teach me to explore,
And oft revolve the page of classic lore!
And thou bright fancy! wilt thou sometimes deign
To guide my wanderings and inspire my strain,
As oft I rove, in wildly-pensive mood,
Beside the margin of the restless flood,
Or idly seek with some incondite lay
To cheer the irksome solitary day?
' Led by thine hand beside yon rustic seat,
Where tangled olives form a cool retreat,
Through the green shade where evening breezes play,
Oft have I linger'd at the close of day,

' * The castle of Zante, now in ruins. The undoubted site of the ancient Zacynthus, where Dion reviewed his troops previous to his successful attack upon the tyrant of Syracuse.'

' † Remondini, a Catholic bishop of Zante, who published a brief account of this island in Latin, about the middle of the seventeenth century, relates, that in digging for the foundation of the Latin church, A.D. 1550, a stone was discovered with the following inscription, M.T.CICERO·HAVE·ET TU·TERTIA·ANTONIA: beneath were found two urns, the larger of which, containing ashes, was inscribed at the bottom with the words MAR. TULL. CIC. in a circle; the other was a lachryimatory.—If this story should be considered as somewhat apocryphal, it does not appear to me to exceed the limits of poetical licence.'

To mark the lengthening shadows as they fell
And listen to the convent's vesper bell.
There, while mine eye the cultured plain surveys,
And o'er the wide expanse of waters strays,
I feel, as nature slowly sinks to rest,
A charm resistless soothe my anxious breast.
I love to mark the sun's descending beam
Cast o'er the western hills its parting gleam;
And watch the varied tints of doubtful light,
By soft gradations melting from the sight.
'Fast spreads the gloom; no longer to the view
The waving olive shifts its varying hue;
The orange and her paler sister fade,
Involv'd alike, in undistinguish'd shade;
Sweet are their odours still, but dimly seen
Their mingled fruits and flowers and vivid green.
Alone unchanged the cypress yet remains,
And still her colour as her form retains.
'Now, gently stealing on the yielding sense,
Soft breathing gales their gather'd sweets dispense,
From thousand aromatic plants, that grow
In wild luxuriance on the mountain's brow;
From cultured fields, where blooms the early vine,
And embryo blossoms swell with future wine;
But chiefly thence, where, clad in vernal bloom,
The grape of Corinth sheds its rich perfume.
Still is the landscape; nature sleeps around;
All motion dead, and hush'd is every sound;
Save where the unyoked heifer roams at large,
Or the rude goatherd tends his wand'ring charge;
And, as their bleatings faintly strike my ear,
In mingled notes the herdsman's strain I hear,
List'ning his carol, as in uncouth rhymes
He sings* the warlike deeds of other times;
Or wildly modulates to simple lays
His reed†——the Doric reed of antient days.

'* The modern Greeks retain a variety of traditional stories which they derive from classical antiquity. * * I once observed a circle of Albanian soldiers listening with great attention to a story recited to them by a boy in the most animated manner. They seemed equally interested in and delighted by the narrative, which excited from them loud and repeated bursts of laughter: I heartily regretted that my ignorance of the modern Greek, prevented me from participating their enjoyment; especially as I could distinguish that the hero of the tale was Achilles, or, as the moderns pronounce his name Āchilĕus.' This, however, is not only the modern pronunciation. Does not Mr. Wright remember the first verse of the Iliad?

'† The rustic flutes still in use among the peasants of Zante, are of two sorts. The one, to which I allude in this place, is a simple joint of the large reed which grows commonly in those islands,—&c. &c.'

'At this still hour, when peace and silence reign,
Remembrance wakes the sadly pleasing strain
Of former joys; and fancy loves to stray
O'er seas and distant shores, a trackless way!
With tears unbidden swells my pensive eye,
And bends its eager gaze on vacancy;
Or, darting upwards through the fields of light,
Explores the starry rulers of the night;
And vainly seeks among their radiant band,
To fix the zenith of my native land.'

With great regret we must now leave Mr. Wright to pursue his voyage unattended to its termination, and quit the enchanting scenes of Ionia for the less agreeable tasks which our duty imposes on us. The long extracts which we have not been able to refuse ourselves the gratification of making, will sufficiently confirm our impression as to the merits of the poem; and yet we cannot close the volume without citing one more witness to the truth of our opinion, in the notes of mournful pride with which the poet is led from the contemplation of the scenes of departed grandeur to a prediction of the certain, but we hope far distant downfall of his native country.

'Where Previsa extends her small domain,
And boasts her freedom from the tyrant's chain,
Awhile we rest; and, greeting with a sigh
The last remains of Grecian liberty,
Anticipate the sure-revolving hour
When thou, fair island-queen! reft of thy power
(That power which Vengeance on the oppressor hurl'd,
And spread its ægis o'er a trembling world)
Must prostrate lie; and kindred souls shall pay
A kindred homage to thy setting ray.
For in that hour—Oh, distant be its date!—
When thou, like Greece, must own the power of fate,
Thy name in glory's annals shall be found
With arts and arms, and free-born virtues crown'd;
And while pure honour's unpolluted flame
Beyond her praise shall consecrate thy fame,
A brighter track thy evening sun shall fire,
Nor sink in night till time itself expire.'

ART. III.—*The Doctrine of the Greek Article, applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the New Testament, by T. F. Middleton, A.M. pp.* 700. 14*s.* Cadell.

THIS is an elaborate performance on a subject of late

much discussed, and still in need of farther discussion. The author displays habits of patient investigation, and acute thinking, with an extensive acquaintance with the authors of Greece. The theory he labours to establish is new, but, it appears to us unsupportable, contradictory, and even absurd. Dr. Middleton was abundantly qualified by nature and learning to settle the much disputed meaning of the Greek article; but he has brought to the task a mind perplexed and enfeebled by a religious system. The work seems the unnatural offspring of a preconceived theology, united with learning; which, therefore, exhibits throughout the opposite characters of both its parents, obscurity and prolixity in style and sentiment, taste embellishing error, judgment biassed by passion, a high confidence in himself, and those who agree with him, and an unjustifiable severity towards more liberal enquirers. The work is divided into two parts; in the first he lays down his theory, which he illustrates by a profusion of examples from various authors; in the second he examines the N. T. and endeavours to explain those instances in which the article appears to have no meaning, or an obscure uncertain meaning.

There is no profit in analysing absurdity and error; we shall not, therefore, follow our author through all the subordinate parts of his system. Our plan is to examine and expose its fundamental and most essential principles, then to explain the real signification of the Greek article, and finally to shew that this explanation is capable of solving every difficulty, whether it occur in the N. T. or in profane authors.

'The Greek article,' says Dr. M. p. 7, 'is the pronoun relative ὅ, so employed that its relation is supposed to be more or less obscure; which relation therefore, is explained in some adjunct annexed to the article by the participle of existence expressed or understood. Hence the article may be considered as the *subject*, and its adjunct as the predicate of a proposition differing from ordinary propositions only as assumption differs from assertion; for this is the only difference between the verb and the participle; between ων and ὤν.'

Without stopping to shew that this account of the article is destitute of that precision and perspicuity, which should ever characterize a just definition, we maintain that the premises here laid down are palpably erroneous; and that the conclusion is contradictory and even absurd.

In the first place we ask, what evidence has Dr. M. for asserting that the article is the same with the relative pronoun? His argument, the illustration of which occupies

many pages, is briefly the following. 'The article is used as a pronoun in Homer; it is, therefore, in its nature a pronoun, and being a pronoun in this early writer, it is a pronoun in all other subsequent writers.

Now this argument, so far from being conclusive is refuted by the very first instance in which Homer uses the article, Ὁ γαρ βασιλῃ χολωθεις.—This article indeed may be rendered by the personal or relative pronoun; for 'he being angry with the king, or *who* being angry with the king.' But does it follow, that because ὁ may be sometimes rendered in our tongue by *he*, or *who*, that it is in its nature the same with those pronouns? Far from it. By so rendering it we make the idiom of the original bend to that of our own tongue, which, if preserved would be thus. 'For *that* being angry with the king,' namely, *that person*, the son of Jupiter mentioned in the preceding clause. And this is the idiom of the original in every instance where the article may be rendered in English by *he*, or *who*. The proper conclusion then is, that, in all such cases, the article is really a *definitive*, serving to bring to the attention of the reader, as the subject of discourse, a name obviously understood, or expressed in the preceding clause.

When the omission would render it doubtful what noun the writer intended to define, the invariable rule is to insert it after the article; thus, ὡς φατ', τὸδεισεν δ' ὁ γερων, 'he thus spoke, but *that* old man feared.' The speaker was Agamemnon, who is therefore the implied nominative to φατο, who is also the agent to whom the reader would refer the article in the next clause, if the noun γερων were not inserted after it: and the insertion shews that the person who felt fear was not he who spoke, but *that sage* to whom Agamemnon had spoken. There is, therefore, no foundation for saying that Homer uses the article as a pronoun, and consequently none for saying that it is so used in subsequent writers. Dr. M. may be an excellent classical scholar, but he betrays an unfortunate want of acquaintance with the general principles of language; and the prejudices of education operating in the absence of this philosophical knowledge, is the real cause which induced our author to offer the present chimerical system to the public. We recognize in Dr. Middleton not the enlightened critic, but the technical grammarian, who is governed in his enquiries only by the minute analogies of his own language; and who hurries himself and his readers into general conclusions respecting the idioms of a foreign tongue merely through the medium of those associations, which he had passively, without any exertion of his understanding, learnt in the school or the nursery. An Eng-

lish pedagogue of narrow views calls *that* a relative, when it points to a preceding noun, but supposes it to change its nature and become a *demonstrative*, when followed by its adjunct, and again to become a *conjunction*, when it defines the whole subjoined sentence; with the same narrow views has our author pronounced the Greek article to be a pronoun, because it may be sometimes represented by a pronoun in his mother's tongue.

But though the author had established the justness of his premises, his conclusion would, we maintain, still be absurd and contradictory. 'Hence the article may be considered as the *subject* and its adjunct as the predicate of a proposition.' We know things only through the medium of their qualities, and we are acquainted with *subjects* only so far as they are modified or defined by their *predicates*. If this doctrine be true, the article, being the subject of a proposition, is the farthest possible from the nature of a definitive; and the noun following, hitherto supposed to be defined by it is but a predicate, whose use in reality is to limit the article. Of this conclusion Dr. M. seems to have been aware; and he talks in the progress of his work, (see p. 104,) of what is usually called the defined noun, defining the article. This theory reverses the notions which all learned men without exception have entertained on this subject; and the public will be deficient in gratitude, if they do not acknowledge their obligation to this writer for his important discovery. Surely an author should have good reason on his side, before he presumed diametrically to oppose the undivided judgment of the wise in all ages and countries. In the present instance we venture to affirm, that the learned doctor has deviated from the general opinion, in direct opposition to the evidence of truth.

If we were logically to analyse the proposition, ὁ θεος εστι αγαθος, we should say that ὁ θεος is the subject, and αγαθος the quality predicated of him. But the doctrine we are considering reverses this fundamental principle in logic, making ὁ the subject, and θεος, which it defines, the predicate; a contradiction in terms, unless, indeed, the subject of an express preposition may at the same time be the predicate of an assumptive one. What then must we think of a theory, the fundamental principle of which directly contradicts, or greatly perplexes the most obvious dictates of the human understanding?

Towards the close of this analysis we shall more particularly examine the leading positions of our author. We proceed at present to consider a few instances in which he applies his theory to the New Testament. In the last chapter of the

first part he answers the objections that might be made to the right use of the article by the sacred writers; and we quote with pleasure the following passage to shew to what elegance of language and justness of sentiment our author was capable of rising, when he traversed the plain and solid ground of truth.

'It is not true, p. 195, however prevalent may be the opinion, that the uses of the Greek article do, for the most part, deserve to be considered as *minutiæ*; unless it be deemed minute in writing to adhere to the ordinary construction of the language, and to employ in nouns the case, and in verbs the mood and tense which the writer's meaning require. That there are indeed minutiæ in all idioms, at least in all polished ones, will be readily conceded. Of this class in Greek is the Attic use of many of the particles; which, without being indispensable to the sense, contribute to mark the feelings of the speaker, and the latent operations of his mind; as doubt, conviction, limitation, concession, earnestness. They conduce, therefore, to elegance: they belong to the colouring of discourse: they give it richness and effect: and it is to the very frequent use of them in Plato, that we may impute in great measure, the spirit and vivacity, which enable his writings, as conversation pieces, to defy all competition. Now in this particular the sacred penmen differ from the philosophers and orators of Athens: the former introduce the particles more sparingly; not so frequently in combination, and sometimes in a manner which the classical practice will hardly justify. But this cannot excite surprise: had the style of St. John's gospel differed not even in minutiæ from that of Plato, the authenticity of such a writing could not easily be credited.'

Mr. Jones in his Greek Grammar, p. 97. second edition, gives the following account of the article, which from its simplicity and the extent of its application seems worthy of attention.

'The article ὁ defines an individual in opposition to other individuals; or considering classes, species, kinds, as so many individuals defines these in opposition to other classes, species, kinds.' The same writer in his *Illustrations* of the four Gospels further adds on this subject. 'Of the article ὁ and the relative ὅς, the original appears to have been the Hebrew article ה, which probably was sounded *ho* or *hu*, and which is but an abbreviation of הנה *ha*. Now the use of this last consists in directing the attention to an object, and answers to *en* or *ecce* in Latin. And as the necessary consequence of looking upon a thing is to see it as distinguished from other things: hence ה in Hebrew or ὁ in Greek, from signifying to *see* came to signify an *effect* of sight, namely the distinction or opposition which the thing seen has to other things which may be related to it.'

This appears to us a satisfactory account of the article;

and we dare assert that there is not a passage in any Greek author, however perplexing to the critics, which may not hence receive an easy explanation. The ideas of Grotius, Markland, Wakefield, Michaelis, and of others who have commented on the N.T. are, respecting the article, equally confused and mistaken, though not equally absurd with those of Mr. Middleton: and it must appear a matter of some curiosity and considerable importance to place its force and meaning in a just point of light.

John ii. 25. 'Jesus needed not that any should testify of man, περι του ανθρωπου: for he knew what was in man, εν τω ανθρωπω.' To one who does not understand the real use of the article, it appears in this place not only to have no meaning, but to be inconsistent with the drift of the passage. Accordingly Mr. Wakefield maintains that its use is here inexplicable, and supposes the text to have been somehow corrupted. Dr. M. who has taken frequent occasions to arraign this great critic, has passed over in silence this fine opportunity of triumphing over him, a sure proof that his theory did not enable him to solve the difficulty. It has, however, in this place a *generic* sense, as it marks, not any known individual, but *mankind* in opposition to *God*. The ideas of the writer, when drawn out to their full extent are these; 'though mankind needed the information which Jesus came to communicate respecting God, he did not on his part need the information of any respecting what was in man.'

John i. 4. 'And the life was the light of man, των ανθρωπων,' literally, *of the human race*. Here also the use of the article is generic, its object being to distinguish mankind as moral agents capable of embracing the gospel, in opposition to irrational animals who are benefited only by the light of the sun. As though the evangelist had said; 'The light of the gospel is the light of man, as rational beings, while the light of the body is a light which they enjoy in common with other animals.' Dr. M. is silent also upon this passage. Newcome, with other critics of the same school, would pronounce the article in this place to be altogether without meaning.

Mat. x. 17. 'Beware of men, απο των ανθρωπων.' Markland supposes that ανθρωπων with the article here means the *Jews*. Dr. M. justly rejects the supposition, and adds that ανθρωποι takes the article, when no particular men are meant. It is true the article does not here designate any set of men in opposition to others, but the *human kind* in contradistinctions to the animals mentioned in the context. Jesus had just told his disciples that he sent them forth as *lambs* in the midst of *wolves*: and by the insertion of the article before

ανθρωπων, he insinuates that the wolves against which they ought to be on their guard, were their own race. 'Beware of your own kind, who, while they ought to have a fellow feeling for you, and to be grateful for the benefit you offer to their acceptance, will evince the fury of *mild beasts* in tearing you to pieces.'

John iii. 10. 'Art thou a teacher of Israel? ὁ διδασκαλος, *the teacher*. Campbell observes that the article here is remarkable; and Dr. M. adds,

'To determine the precise meaning of the appellation is a task,' which, I believe, no commentator pretends to have accomplished: I have only conjecture to offer; but even this may be tolerated, when nothing certain is known, and when even conjecture has scarcely been attempted. It has been observed that the Jews gave their doctors high and sounding names; in the same manner probably as among the schoolmen in the middle ages, one was called the *angelic* doctor, another the *admirable*, and a third the *irrefragable*. Might not then Nicodemus have been styled by his followers ὁ διδασκαλος του Ισραηλ? On this supposition nothing is more probable than that our Saviour should have taken an occasion to reprove the folly of those who had conferred the appellation, and the vanity of him who had accepted it.——Besides the reproof is more severe in the present form of expression; since it seems to signify not only that the followers of Nicodemus distinguished him by this appellation, but also that he thought himself not altogether unworthy of it.'

This conjecture, however specious is by no means necessary. It even blunts the fine and delicate edge with which our Lord has pointed his language. It was certainly his intention to expose the vain pretensions of a Jewish doctor in the person of Nicodemus, and this he has done by prefixing the article to his title, and rendering it thereby *specific* and *prominent*; literally thus, 'Art thou *one that* is a teacher of Israel, or dost thou sustain *that character*, and remain ignorant of these things.' Our Lord, then, does not censure Nicodemus for arrogating the exclusive appellation of teacher, but for sustaining in common with others that admired character, while he and they continued strangers to the most obvious and necessary truths. According to Dr. Middleton's conjecture the reproof falls on Nicodemus *personally*, which assuredly would have been unworthy of Jesus, and which was not peculiarly merited by the Jewish doctor: whereas it is directed against the whole class of Jewish teachers who were exceedingly ignorant, though at the same time they gloried in the most splendid reputation for knowledge.

Luke xxii. 11. 'And say to the master of the house, the

teacher, ὁ διδασκαλος, saith unto thee, where is the guest chamber in which I may eat the passover with my disciples. The Saviour in giving this command to his disciples, was aware that if they put the question in their own name, they could hardly expect to ensure the attention of the master. He therefore commissions them to put it in the name of a person who, sustaining the high character of a teacher, had a right to put it as connected with the discharge of his office. Hence ὁ διδασκαλος, means in this place also, not some individual teacher, or *their* teacher, but one that was vested with the name and authority of a teacher. So far is Dr. Middleton from discovering the genuine force of the article in this and similar places, that he does not perceive its propriety and beauty, even when pointed out to him. See his remark on this verse.

John xviii. 15. 'Now Simon Peter and another disciple (ὁ αλλος μαθητης, literally the other disciple) were following Jesus.' On this verse Dr. M. remarks,

'Grotius says, 'it is certain that in these as well as in other writings, the article is frequently redundant.' Schleusner too adduces some other instances besides the present in proof of the same assertion: in the principal, however, of which it has already been shewn, that the assertion is wholly groundless; and it is to be considered as the refuge of ignorance, though of the ignorance of learned men: I am indeed ready to confess that the article in this place is a subject of some difficulty, of greater perhaps than any other in the whole N. T.: yet though it should be altogether impossible to assign its use with absolute certainty, it is surely more reasonable to impute this obscurity to our want of knowledge than to attempt to subvert the whole analogy of language: for to say that ὁ αλλος and αλλος may be used indifferently, is an assertion which is contradicted by experience and by common sense.'

With this remark we feel happy to agree, though from the decisive manner in which our author speaks of the abovementioned great man, we might expect some satisfaction on the passage in question: and yet all we can gather to the purpose, in a note *of four pages*, is contained in the following paragraph.

'This phrase obviously implies *the remaining one of two persons*, who not only were in common with many others the disciples of Christ, but between whom some closer relations might be recognized to exist: and if it could be shewn that Peter and John stood towards each other in any such relation, the term *the other disciple* might not unfitly be used, immediately after the mention of Peter to designate John; especially if, from any cause whatever, John was not to be spoken of by name.'

So then John is said to be the other disciple because he was a friend of Peter, and because there might be some mysterious reason why he should not be spoken of by name! Surely we had better say with Grotius that the article has here no meaning, than to assign to it a meaning so remote and inappropriate. If the writer had supposed John to be called *the disciple*, because in respect to his master he was the most favoured disciple, there would have been some speciousness, if not weight in the supposition. But even this is not the idea, which it is the object of the article to convey; as the intention of it is not to distinguish the other that entered, from Peter or any other of the disciples, but to bring him forth to the view of the reader as *one that was* a disciple. And the clause should be rendered in this manner, 'Simon Peter and another, *one that* was a disciple, followed Jesus.' This version supposes the original to be αλλος ὁ μαθητης, and not ὁ αλλος μαθητης. The intention of the evangelist appears evident at one glance to a person who understands the real force of the Greek article, and we hesitate not to assert that he should have so written the clause, or that his words have since been transposed. It was of importance to the credibility of the narrative that the writer should have been an *eye-witness* of the scene, which he describes; and this he intimates by holding himself forth as *a disciple*, that is, as one who had a personal interest in the transaction, and whose office it was to record and attest it.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. IV.—*The Remains of Hesiod the Ascræan, translated from the Greek into English Verse, with a preliminary Dissertation and Notes. By Charles Abraham Elton.* Longman. 1809.

MR. Elton worships indifferently the goddesses of blank verse and rhyme, two powerful and rather adverse deities, whose names, if they are not already inserted in the Theogony, assuredly deserve a place there. He thinks the freedom of blank verse essential to the Theogonia; and that the couplet may be employed with advantage where precepts are to be impressed and sententious maxims rounded and condensed, as in the Works and Days.

We are not disposed to quarrel with these opinions, and shall immediately proceed to enquire into the success of his labours in these very different styles of versification.

His blank verse is avowedly formed on the Miltonic model. The Battle of the Giants affords an excellent opportunity of trying our author's abilities in this way; and therefore we subjoin a passage which we deem a very favourable specimen of his work.

> ' Nor longer then did Jove
> Curb his full power; but instant in his soul
> There grew dilated strength, and *it was fill'd*
> *With his omnipotence.* At once he loos'd
> His whole of might, *and put forth all the god.*
> The *vaulted* sky, the mount Olympian, *flash'd*
> *With his continual presence*, for he pass'd
> Incessant forth, and *scatter'd fires on fires.*
> *Hurl'd* from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
> Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
> *Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt*
> *Fell*: roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth
> In conflagration, far on every side
> The immensity of forests crackling blaz'd,
> Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that mix
> With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
> *Round* and around the Titan brood of earth
> Roll'd the hot vapour, *on its fiery surge*,
> The *liquid* heat air's pure expanse divine,
> Suffus'd: the radiance keen of quivering flame
> That shot from *writhen* lightnings, each dim orb
> Strong though they were, *intolerable smote*
> And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the *void*
> Of Erebus, the *preternatural glare*
> Spread, *mingling* fire *with darkness.* But to see
> With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
> Had been, as if *midway* the spacious heaven,
> Hurling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
> Crash'd *from the centre*, and the *wreck* of heaven
> Fell ruining from high. So vast the din
> When gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
> Commingled, *and the tumult roared from heaven;*
> Shrill *rush'd* the hollow winds, and rous'd throughout
> A shaking, and a *gathering dark* of dust,
> The *crush* of thunders, and the glare of flame,
> The *fiery* darts of Jove: full in the midst
> Of either host they swept the roaring sound
> *Of tempest*, and the shouting: mingled rose
> The din of dreadful battle. There *stern* strength
> Put forth the proof of prowess, till the fight
> Declin'd: but first in opposite array
> Full long they stood, and bore the brunt of war.
>
> *Theog. V.* 908.

The passages in italics are improvements upon the original, not altogether in the taste of Milton, who if he had been the translator, we presume, would not have added where perhaps it would have been better to have retrenched, nor have mistaken a mock-scriptural phraseology for true simplicity of diction. The original, and much more the translation, are liable to the charge of being super-sublime: and they put us in mind of the hypertragical verses quoted in Longinus.

> Καὶ καμίνῳ σχῶσι μαχητὸν σέλας, &c.
> Νῦν δ' ἐ κέκραγά πω τὸ γενναῖον μέλος;
>
> Let them the chimney's flashing flames repel.
> Could but these eyes one lurking wretch arrest,
> I'd whirl aloft one streaming curl of flame,
> And into embers turn his crackling dome,
> And now a generous song have I not sounded? *Smith.*

But though we cannot concede to this author the palm for having successfully imitated Milton, his manner having been formed, according to our opinion, in a certain modern antique school of poetry; we readily admit that in the lines above quoted, he has shewn that he possesses the power of entering into the spirit of his original, and of copying his master's hand with vivacity and truth. This power he has not however uniformly exerted. For too frequently in our progress through the work, we were offended not only with redundancy and amplification, but with the interpolation of new thoughts and images foisted in without beauty, and apparently for the mere purpose of eking out the line. A liberty of this kind may now and then be allowed in rhyme, but it is inexcusable in blank verse. Upon the principle that the costume and style of ancient times should be preserved, by giving fac similes in English of the compound epithets which abound in the Greek poets, many strange, uncouth and sesquipedal phrases are admitted which our language will not tolerate. We do not mean to contend that the principle is not just, but that some limitation is needful in the practice. 'Beauty-blooming,' 'evil joying,' 'beauteous-ankled,' 'mortal-slayer,' 'many-sciened,' 'lightning-sender,' 'groan-scattering,' are bald and barbarous versions of the several elegant expressions, which they are intended to interpret. An indiscriminate use of alliteration, an affectation of obsolete and hard words, ambiguity and incorrectness, sameness of construction, needless inversions in the order, are faults of not very rare occurrence. They are

however, in a great degree compensated by the general appearance of care and attention; the fruit of which has been such as to entitle this author to the meed of no inconsiderable praise. To prove the validity of this claim we refer our readers to the passage already quoted, and as a further confirmation adduce two others, the one affording a specimen of his rhyme, and the other taken from the Shield of Hercules, now first translated into English, and rendered perhaps with more ease, less affectation, and fewer faults of every kind than the two other poems.

'But they who never from the right have stray'd
Who as the citizen the stranger aid,
They and their cities flourish; genial peace
Dwells in their borders and their youth increase.
Nor Jove, whose radiant eyes behold afar,
Hangs forth in heaven the signs of grievous war,
Nor scathe nor famine on the righteous prey;
Earth foodfull teems, and banquets crown the day:
Rich wave their mountain oaks; the topmost tree
The rustling acorn fills, its trunk the murmuring bee,
Burthen'd with fleece their panting flocks: the race
Of woman, soft reflects the father's face:
Still flourish they, nor tempt with ships the main,
The fruits of earth are pour'd from every plain.'

Works and Days, L. 301.

But next arose
A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates
Enclos'd, that fitted to their lintels hung.
There men in dances and in festive joys
Held revelry. Some on the smooth-wheel'd car
A virgin bride conducted: then burst forth
Aloud the marriage song; and far and wide
Long splendours flash'd from many a quivering torch
Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay blooming girls
Preceded, and the dancers follow'd blithe:
These, with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,
Breath'd melody, while broken echoes thrill'd
Around them; to the lyre with flying touch
Those led the love-enkindling dance.
A group
Of youths was elsewhere imag'd, to the flute
Disporting: some in dances and in song,
In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute
So pass'd they on; and the whole city seem'd
As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with feasts.'

Shield of Hercules, L. 361.

The Dissertation on the Writings, Life, and Æra of He-

siod, comprehends a disquisition on the mythology of the Greeks, in which more pains than necessary are taken to confute the idle opinion, which attributes the absolute invention of that system to Homer and Hesiod.—With regard to the life and writings of the latter poet, it was not to be expected that Mr. Elton should find the means of transmuting uncertainty into certainty; and we think he might have omitted, without disadvantage to his book, the quisquiliæ with which he has stuffed it from Fabricius, Clericus, and a host of other commentators.—By one party Hesiod has been constituted lord of the manor of Parnassus, in the early ages of the Greek poetry, and all waifs found without an owner have been appropriated to him: by another he has been stripped of what may have been his rightful property. It must be owned that the poems, which bear his name, have not much mutual resemblance, and in the absence of real proof there is nothing but internal evidence that seems worthy of attention.—Contrary to the usual custom of commentators Mr. Elton seems more inclined to degrade than to elevate the character of his author both as a poet and a man. One of the arguments of a want of the patient equanimity and mildness usually attributed to the Ascræan sage, arises from his manner of saluting his brother, which is seldom by any other term than νηπι, *great fool*, as if that, and various other gentle expressions, for example, blockhead, goose-cap, dunderhead, were not frequently terms of endearment. We are afraid that Mr. Elton, like poor old Lear, does not know the difference between 'a bitter fool and a sweet one.'

In his view of the argument on the comparative antiquity of Homer and Hesiod, we meet with this bold and unsupported assertion.

'Were the writings of Homer exhibited to us in their primitive form, we should *doubtless* perceive the traces of a ruder antiquity: but they betray evident marks of revision and polish; while those of Hesiod, on the contrary, appear to have remained in the rude state of their original formation: certainly the naked and unrefined simplicity of the occasional details, exceeds any thing of a similar nature that can be found either in the Iliad or Odyssey.'—*Dissert.* p. 63.

If the verses of Homer have been thus *without doubt* corrected, is it not a fair inference that his fable, characters, in short every part of his work betray *these evident marks of revision and polish*?—Now we think but few have had strength to draw this bow: and we never heard that the work of any great artist was improved by the touches of another

nand. The critics have laboured with much assiduity in the revision and correction of Shakespeare, but the utmost they have reached *may* have been to some syllabical improvements. We suspect that Homer's obligations to his critics are much of the same nature. Moreover we can see no reason for concluding that their ameliorating hand, if so diligently applied in one case should have been totally idle in another: there are diamonds in Hesiod which might have repaid them the labour of polishing.

Though we do not agree in all points with Mr. Elton, we must acknowledge that his dissertation contains many sensible remarks, indicates some reading, and a mind devoted to the object of its labour.

The notes contain every thing a man would desire, and more than sufficient for the generality of readers. We should have recommended, had we been members of this author's privy council, the omission of all those passages, in which Cooke, his predecessor, a poor buzzing fly at best, is broken upon the wheel with all the solemn forms accompanying the execution of a noble criminal.

Subjoined to the work are some specimens of a translation of the Georgics of Hesiod by George Chapman, who also translated Homer. Dryden tells us that Waller used to say he never could read it without incredible transport. Mr. Elton thus characterises it:

'This version is generally faithful both to the sense and spirit of the author. Amidst much quaintness of style and ruggedness of numbers, we meet with gleams of a rich expression, and with a grasp of language, which, however extravagantly bold, bears the stamp of a genuine poet.'

We cannot forbear including a few verses of this old English strain within the present article, though we are aware that it has already attained its full size.

'But then betake thee to the shade that lies
In shield of rocks; drinke Biblian wine, and eate
The creamy wafer: gote's milke, that the teate
Gives newly free and nurses kids no more;
Flesh of bow-browsing beeues, that neuer bore,
And tender kids. And to these taste black wine,
The third part water, of the crystaline.
Still flowing fount, that feeds a streame beneath
And sit in shades, where temperate gales may breathe
On thy opposed cheeks.

ART. V.—*The dormant and extinct Baronage of England, &c. By T. C. Banks, Esq. Vol. III.*

MR. Banks, it should seem, has been called to account by some of the worshipful brethren of the Herald's Office for interfering with what they deem their sole prerogative, of emblazoning the lives and actions of British peers. How far this claim of an exclusive jurisdiction can be made out and supported upon precedent, we shall not venture to enquire, but leave Mr. Banks to his own resources to encounter the formidable array which his imprudence has mustered against him: we will not however conceal that we wish well to his cause, and sincerely hope that if he is fortunate enough to escape the fangs of Green Dragon, he will not ultimately be nailed by his remorseless antagonists to the arms of Rougecroix.

On one ground, at least, he will stand acquitted even in the cooler judgment of his enemies, from all suspicion of a design to invade their ancient rights and privileges. The most exasperated herald must confess, with something of a proud internal satisfaction, that undignified truth is a stranger to his exalted profession; and he will when the ebullition of a temporary rage has subsided, learn to look with equal pity and contempt on the labours of a man who maintains that the descent of *the son of Rollo* can be traced no higher than to a tradesman of the 16th century* who made his fortune by land jobbing; who considers as doubtful the Grenville lineage from the same Norman fountain; † who refuses to a noble lord of Pitt's creation the evidence of his family name in support of his title to antiquity;‡ who commends Mr. Coke of Norfolk for declining the honour of a peerage, and spares not his ridicule and abuse of Pulteney, Pitt, and

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* "However ancient *flattering heralds* may assert this family to be, yet it seems that George Rolle, the first person who settled in Devonshire, was only a merchant of the city of London, and on the Reformation was a considerable purchaser of abbey lands." A little further down, we meet with an anecdote so very romantic, that Mr. Banks most prudently introduces it with "*it is stated.*"—The *statement* in short is this, that John Rolle, Esquire, was offered an earldom by queen Anne's last ministry, *but refused it.*

† This John, according to the tradition of *flattering* heralds, by an immediate succession from father to son, from Robert the son of Rollo, &c. &c. P. 58.

‡ "The same description of title has, however, lately been revived in the person of a Mr. Robert Smith; but whether, by the most remote alliance connected with the former ancient and honourable house of Smith, lord Carrington, we will not pretend to declare. Since the time of James and Charles I. when Lionel Cranfield, Baptist Hicks, and Humble Ward, a merchant, mercer, and a jeweller, were ennobled, there is, we believe, no instance of any one who has actually and personally been engaged in business, attaining the honors of a peerage, till the present reign." P. 55.

other patriots, who have at various times compromised their glory by accepting it. No—these are not doctrines suited to the courtly quality of a herald: and it rather becomes a matter of astonishment that a gentleman so little inclined to pronounce panegyrics on, or even to make allowances for, the modern peerage, should have employed his abilities on a subject where his spleen and indignation are excited at every step.

This third and concluding volume of his work professes to contain 'An account of those peers who were created by charter or patent, with limitation to their heirs, or issue male, direct, or collateral.' Here it is obvious that he must often tread on tender ground, if at all apprehensive of wounding the pride or prejudice of existing individuals; and accordingly he himself informs us that some of his more prudent friends recommended him 'to be particularly brief in this part of his history.'—How far he has judged it proper to adopt their counsel, may be guessed by a reference to the number of pages of which this volume consists, and may be further exemplified in many more instances than those we have already noticed, in which he has given the full bent to his contempt for titled vice and folly, and for the degeneracy of antient nobility. In these respects, indeed, his work may be considered as a good (though somewhat voluminous) commentary on the eighth satire of Juvenal.

He is not more a friend to ministers or princes than to the sleepy descendants of great families. The vulgar coarseness of the following animadversions displeases us perhaps more than their spirit.

'The descent of this noble Lord (Camelford) is from the same ancestor as the Earl of Chatham and Lord Rivers; wherefore the reader need not be surprised that a cousin to the prime minister of the country should be raised to the dignity of a peer of the realm; the surprise (if any may be excited, that such a man as Mr. Thomas Pitt should at all be advanced to any dignity) may rather be that he was not created an earl or a marquis instead of *an humble baron lord.* The peculiar merits, services, or extraordinary talents, which recommended him to this mark of royal favour, history does not furnish, &c.'

In mentioning the late Duke of Cumberland, he presumes to assert that 'the lives of many princes, do not in every respect always surpass those of private men:' that 'they seem born with the same foibles, the same passions, the same weaknesses;" nay, that 'their elevated station, so far from concealing them, renders them far more conspicuous.'

'Tanto conspectius in se,
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat habetur'.

So says the Aquinian leveller. But Juvenal had not, any more than Mr. Banks, his education in the Herald's Office. What is much more extraordinary than all this, Mr. B. seems not to have the smallest respect for royal mistresses or royal bastards.

'After this great accumulation of honours,' says he, speaking of the duchess of Kendal, 'the reader need scarcely be informed that her grace stood in that degree of favour with King George, as the duchess of Cleveland, and others, enjoyed with Charles II. from whom the happy people of Great Britain are honoured with many worthy ornaments to the British peerage.'

'By a concubine, Joan Hill, he (that, is Henry, Duke of Somerset, beheaded after after the battle of Hexham,) had a natural son, called Charles Somerset; from whom is descended the present family of Somerset duke of Beaufort, the surname and title being exactly reversed. For the sake of *honorary distinction*, this family bears the arms of England with a portcullis for a crest *in memory* of John of Gaunt's castle of Beaufort in Normandy. A proud token, surely, of royal blood, when deduced through a twofold degree of illegitimacy.'

'The prevailing influence this lady (the Countess of Yarmouth) had with the king (George the second) is well known, and the *genuine distinterestedness with which she exercised that influence, in the dispensation of places, pensions, and honours, will ever entitle her memory to the veneration of the British nation.* Hanoverian field-marshall count Walmoden, has generally been considered *the representative of her ladyship's* virtue.

In another place, however, he makes some amends for the indulgence of this satirical propensity, by relating an instance of princely-virtue, most rare and exemplary. It deserves to be held out as well for a model to present, as for a commendation to past, members of the royal family.

'One circumstance adds gloriously to his memory' (that of the noble Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster;) 'he commanded *that his body should not be buried till his debts were paid.*'

What person viewing with the eye of a herald the soldier-like and *chevaleresque* display of illustrious personages in a modern precession of knights of the Bath, or of the Garter, would expect so scurrilous a paragraph as the following to have been suggested by the bare notion of Sir Robert Knollys, the hero of Froissart and companion of Edward?

'At the first foundation of this illustrious order of knighthood, and indeed for very many years after, the knights companions were only such persons as had most eminently distinguished themselves, and many had no higher rank than that of knighthood; yet now the chief of the nobility only seem admitted into the order, and the meritorious services of a private unennobled individual, however great, do not appear sufficient to recommend him to so high a mark of his sovereign's favour. Wherefore this order, once conferred only upon those of the greatest worth, in these days is used merely to include the zealots of aristocratic pride and ambition.'

It is rather foreign from the purpose and from the practice of a professional writer on heraldry, to expose the danger of too blind a propensity to seek the honours of an ancient descent. The following example, however, presents a good lesson to those so circumstanced to look into the intermediate links of their boasted genealogy, and rather to resign their pretensions to an ancestry 'ante Conq.' than take it encumbered with certain *reminiscences* of a less agreeable nature. Lascelles, lord Harewood, laid claim to an honourable lineage from the Barons Lascelles of the date of Edward II. This is the epitaph written on the tomb (as it is believed) of one of his *more immediate* ancestors.

'Here in a tempest of fatigue, anxiety, and imprecation, self-raised and prolonged through half an age, foundered at length H— L—. who, without strength of head, suavity of tongue, or readiness of hand, natural or acquired; without private patrimony or public esteem, accumulated during the ten years collection of the crown revenues at Barbadoes, '*ten times ten thousand pounds.*' And studious that his labours should not be confined to that narrow spot, through various provinces of the British empire, wearied the twenty succeeding years, in amassing from the orphan, the mariner, the planter, and the public, '*thrice that enormous sum.*' Divine vengeance having wrought his purpose on a dissolute generation, by his agency, deprived him of sight: but impatient of looking, only, where none could look more hopeless of comfort and entertainment—within,—he for once incurred the charge of inconsistency; and by a miserable suicide, October 6th, 1752, did justice to himself, his country, and mankind.

'Reader! When the lust of riches shall hereafter prompt thee to wish their illicit attainment, remember this record of providence, and suffer not H— L— to have lived unbeloved, died unlamented, and perish irretrievably, in vain!'

Where is the Audley, who would not rather deny his descent from the hero of Poitiers than confess its connexion with the name of the execrable Earl of Castlehaven? But more than one illustrious family may be found who would

gladly compromise their most exalted honours, to wipe away the stain of infamy which attached to them at some unhappy period of their long succession.

Even 'all the blood of all the Howards,' is not so enviable a title to a man of real pride and delicacy of honour, since the same line which is made illustrious by the genius and the virtue of a Surry is blotted by the sordid villainy of a Northampton.

'The character of this nobleman is unnoticed by the baronagians in general, though other authors represent him as the most contemptible and despicable of mankind; a wretch, that it causes astonishment to reflect, that he was the son of the generous, the noble and accomplished Earl of Surry!!!'

It is enough to justify so strong an expression of abhorrence were nothing known concerning the object of it than that he was pander to his niece the Countess of Essex, and an accomplice in the poisoning of Overbury; and it adds fresh blackness to the enormity of his character to reflect that he was considered as one of the most learned noblemen of his age.

It can hardly be denied that in some instances Mr. Banks has suffered himself to be guided rather by a splenetic than a generously indignant spirit in his censures of the follies and vices of a degenerate nobility.

'If the Manchesters and Sandwiches of the day do not reflect the illustrious actions and noble qualities of their worthy progenitors,' the Montacutes of our fifth Harry's reign, it should be recollected that it is not necessary for a duke or earl at present to ride to battle under the load of some hundred weight of armour, or to earn his breakfast, like Hotspur, by killing some half dozen Scots or Frenchmen every morning at sun-rise. And, as to the little poetical vanities which amused the old age of the brave Cavendish, duke of Newcastle, and his lady, we think them hardly deserving the ridicule of Walpole, much less the serious resentment expressed by Mr. Banks concerning them. We leave our readers to judge whether the following sentences are such as ought to have been provoked by so venial an offence as that of the old cavalier in question?

'Walpole, in his noble authors, observes, "that he was a man extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced; and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author, he is familiar to those who scarce know any other, from his book on horsemanship. Though amorous in poetry and music, as Lord Clarendon says, he was fitter

to break Pegasus for a menage, than to mount him on the *steeds'* (q ? *steeps*) 'of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace and his faithful duchess, who was never off her pillion.'

'They were both authors; and strange it was, that after all the sacrifices they had made for their master, and during such calamities of their country, they could accommodate their minds to the utmost idleness of literature. What a picture of foolish nobility was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own domains, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves! He seems to have been a man in whose character ridicule would find more materials than satire.'

And if so, Mr. Banks surely might have spared the severity of his censure in a grave genealogical treatise, however Lord Orford may have thought himself justified in *quizzing* the noble duke in the forms of biographical anecdote. But with regard to this identical *quiz* of Lord Orford's, it is so girlishly flippant, besides being grossly vulgar, that we cannot conceive how any man of sense could think of citing it except by way of exposing its writer. A nobleman whose whole life is frittered away in such vain and trivial occupations may be a fit object of ridicule, or even of more poignant satire. But if a Marlborough were, in his old age, to play at marbles or chuck-farthing, or even were he to pass the intervals of action in making buttons or turning bowls, what food is there in this for laughter or for spleen, or what disposition towards either can it excite in the breast of one who is well acquainted with the necessary imperfection of human nature? Lord Orford, above all, should have reflected on his own employments at Strawberry-hill before he laughed at the amusements of the Duke of Newcastle.

The want of respect which prevails to too great an extent among the great of modern days for the memory of their ancestors is much better instanced in such examples as that of Lord Montfort, who "married Miss Eliza* (or Elizabeth) Watts, the daughter of a *low butcher in Clark-street, Clerkenwell,*" or of the Earl of Marchmont, whose second wife was "Miss Compton, daughter of *a linen-draper* in London," upon which Mr. B. very appositely exclaims,

> 'Non tali exemplo, *nec nobilitatibus istis,*
> Tempus eget.' &c.

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* One of her sisters now keeps, or not long since kept a shop in the same petty trade in Honey-lane market.

But these are the vices of our dormant and extinct baronage. How happy should we be to reflect that no similar instances of degradation are to be met with in our existing aristocracy!

Our incidental mention of the Duke of Marlborough's name leads us to another branch of our animadversions on Mr. Banks, in which we shall have to notice some strange omissions, on his part, of the most obvious and striking circumstances in the lives of illustrious personages. When, for instance, he says that 'in 1722, his grace departed this life in peace, wealth, *and glory*,' can he have forgotten the awful lesson which his latter days presented of the instability and littleness of all human glory and splendour?

> 'From Marlboro's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires, a driveller, and a shew.'

Speaking of James 'the great duke of Chandos,' whom he designates by 'a life spent in a style of uncommon magnificence, and in the exercise 'of those virtues which are requisite to the character of a great and good man;' and after saying that he died in August, 1744, *at his noble seat of Cannons*, in Middlesex,' Mr. B. gives us the following information in a note:

'This most magnificent palace stood *on the road leading to Edgware*. The fronts were all of freestone, and the pillars of marble; as were also the steps of the great stair-case. The gilding, was done by the famous Pargotti; and the hall painted by Parlucci. The apartments were most exquisitely finished, and most richly furnished. The gardens, avenues, and offices, were proportionably grand. At night there was a constant watch kept, who walked the rounds and proclaimed the hours. The duke also maintained a full choir; and had divine service performed with the best music, in a chapel *that could hardly be exceeded in the beauty of its workmanship*. But all this terminated with his life; for on his decease this magnificent mansion was disposed of piece-meal. The stone obelisks, with copper lamps, which formed the approach from the Edgware road, were purchased by the Earl of Tylney to grace *and ornament* the purlieus of his new building at Wanstead, in Essex; and the marble stair-case was bought on account of the Earl of Chesterfield, for his house in May-fair. The ground and site whereon this unrivalled building stood, were knocked down to the lot of an ordinary but rich tradesman, who thereon erected a neat habitation, which yet remains; after having passed through the hands of Colonel O'Kelly of *well known celebrity*.'

Is it conceivable that any writer should have made such

particular mention of Cannons and its splendid owner, without glancing for a moment even in thought or expression at the memory of 'Timon's villa?' It is true that the old inhabitants of the neighbourhood still speak with traditionary gratitude of the virtues of the great duke James; and it would be perhaps uncharitable not to allow their testimony in some degree to counterbalance the personal spleen of the poet. But to the accuracy and exquisite force of his description, Cannons, even in its present state, bears the most unequivocal testimony. The growth of two-thirds of a century, and still more the neglect of many successive owners, have indeed improved the scene by the introduction of (what never was in the contemplation of its noble creator,) many *natural* beauties; and the wide and extensive avenues spreading on all sides like rays from the once splendid centre, now broken in parts, and suffered to shoot out in full luxuriance, present a mass of irregular foliage which would have shocked the Dutch taste of our venerable Timon. Yet the forms of the avenues, and in most places the avenues themselves, still exist,

> 'Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.'

Although no longer

> 'The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
> Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees,'

we can still trace the circumference of that lake, which

> 'Improved the keenness of the northern wind,'

the site of 'the fountain never to be play'd;' and the ruins of 'the summer-house which knew no shade.'

The reverential *admonitus locorum* becomes yet more impressive as we enter the church, which the old travelled duke had fitted up with so much Italian *foppery*, and at which he attended

> 'in all the pride of prayer.'

If it can no longer be said of the place or its present incumbent that

> 'To rest the cushion and soft Dean invite,
> Who never mentions Hell to ears polite,'

And if those "light quirks of music" which

'broken and uneven
Made the soul dance upon a jig to heaven,'

are now exchanged for the usual droning anthems of a country church, still all the finery of its old decorations remains in excellent preservation.

'On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,*
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie
And bring all paradise before your eye.'

Yet finical as are the ornaments of this curious house of prayer, we cannot agree to the propriety of Mr. Banks's account of it 'that it can hardly be exceeded in the beauty of its workmanship.' He is mistaken in some other points of his description. It is not a chapel, but a parish-church. The grand gateway (which still remains in part) stands, not on the road to Edgware, but a little beyond Edgware on the road towards Brockley-hill.

But by far the most striking circumstance attending the present prospect of Cannons is the singular accomplishment of Pope's poetical prophecy. It was certainly by no means probable, at the time he wrote, that a palace which was to all appearance built to last for ages, the residence of a family flourishing in grandeur of wealth and titles, and in no want of heirs to succeed to its splendid possessions, would not outlive the ensuing generation; and it could only have been in the spirit of general declamation on the littleness of man, the short-sightedness of human views, and the vanity of human enjoyments that he uttered a prediction of which he might even have lived to witness the fulfilment.

'Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.'

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* The poet is not here, we believe, quite accurate. Perhaps he used the names of "Verrio and Laguerre" only as synonimous with the general appellation of "Painter."—We have at least heard the fresco-paintings on the halls and ceiling of Cannons church attributed to a different artist, but whom in particular we do not now recollect. As a specimen of the sublime conceptions which guided his pencil, take the following true anecdote. In the picture of "the raising of Lazarus," one of the nearest by-standers is represented as holding his nose with his fingers and turning away his head in disgust from the opening sepulchre.

'That man' as Johnson would say, 'is not to be envied' who can think of these lines unmoved when within sight of what once was Cannons.

We ought to apologize for this digression, and have no right, perhaps, to censure Mr. Banks for not introducing into his work a commentary on one of Pope's epistles. We could however, have easily forgiven him had he dwelt even much more at length on a subject so naturally arising out of the history of the Chandos family. To make some amends for our own loquacity, it would be but fair that our readers should now hear what Mr. Banks says on a point more essentially connected with the plan of his work, the claims still existing to the ancient Chandos barony. But although these are stated with great judgment and perspicuity, and a very free and, in our opinion, just animadversion is passed upon the decision of the House of Lords against the pretensions of Edward Timewell Bridges the claimant, in the year 1803, we fear that the limits of our work will hardly admit of their insertion, and shall therefore only refer the reader to pages 169 & seq. of this volume, adding, that if the title of Lord Chandos of Sudeley be an object which the present Mr. Bridges has still at heart, he has at least our best wishes towards overcoming the objections which have been hitherto raised against his attainment of it.

It is difficult not to suspect that, together with his heraldic lore, Mr. Banks has imbibed something of that contempt of the muses which so honourably characterized the ancient barons of England; that

> 'nothing sets his teeth on edge,
> Nothing so much as mincing poetry.'

How else could he, after mentioning George Granville, baron Lansdown, have so carefully omitted to notice the poetical and literary works of that accomplished nobleman, which have rendered his name much more famous than his posts of 'secretary at war, comptroller and treasurer of the household?' It might also have been reasonably expected that he would not have dismissed the family of St. John without a single word concerning the revival of the title of Bolingbroke after the death of Earl Paulet, in the person of Henry St. John, a name most deservedly distinguished by the powerful talents of its possessor, but on which the muse of Pope has bestowed an immortality far beyond the renown of the orator, the statesman, or the philosopher. In like manner, on turning to the article of Herbert of Cherbury, we find the first lord Herbert distinguished as 'a man of a

martial spirit and a profound understanding;' and he is shortly after noticed as the author of 'The Life and Reign of Henry VIII.;' but not a hint is dropped concerning the nature of those more important works which it may be wished he had never written, but which, nevertheless, have made his memory more famous than all the fire of his chivalry and all the adulatory varnish of his historical painting.

We question very much whether Mr. Banks is able to produce any authority for his new and very improbable derivation of the well known proverb '*To dine with duke Humphrey.*' Upon the character of this prince, he passes the most unqualified panegyric; forgetting that, to his selfish and imprudent conduct in the affairs of the countess Jacqueline, are in a great measure to be ascribed the reverses of the English arms and their final expulsion from France, forgetting also his ungenerous desertion of the same hapless lady and his disgraceful connexion with Eleanor Cobham, circumstances which we cannot but consider as tarnishing in some degree the lustre of titles bestowed on him with such foolish liberality by ancient chroniclers and heralds.* He then adds the following remark. 'He was very hospitable: and from him, *by way of antithesis*, came the proverb '*To dine with duke Humphrey.*' This is so very different from the origin usually ascribed to the proverb, that we shall subjoin the vulgar and, as we believed till now, the only interpretation of it, from Ray.

'*To dine with duke Humphrey.*—That is, to fast, to go without one's dinner. This duke Humphrey was uncle to K. Henry VI. and his protector during his minority, duke of Gloucester, renowned for hospitality, and good house-keeping; and commonly called *the good duke of Gloucester.* Those were said to dine with Duke Humphrey, who walked out dinner-time in the body of St. Paul's; because it was believed that the duke was buried there. But (saith Dr. Fuller) that saying is as far from truth as they from dinner, even twenty miles off: seeing this duke was buried in the church of St. Albans, to which he was a great benefactour.'—*Ray's Collection of English Proverbs.*'

In giving an account of the extraordinary circumstances of the Anglesey family, which made so general an impression more than half a century ago, Mr. Banks has been (which is not at all usual with him when treating of disputed titles, and decisions in the House of Lords) extremely concise and un-

* This Humphrey was for his many rare and excellent qualities entitled the "good," and for his justice "*father of his country.*"—Banks, 313.

satisfactory. He refers his readers to "The Adventures of an unfortunate young Nobleman" for information, and might perhaps have referred them with still more propriety to the State Trials, where all the proceedings connected with that strange occurrence to which we allude are given very much in detail. But he surely ought to have informed them himself how it came to pass that, after the verdict given for the plaintiff in the trial at law, Richard earl of Anglesey was suffered to retain the rank to which he had clearly no remaining title, and upon what principle when the House of Lords rejected the claim of the present lord Mount-norris to the earldom of Anglesey, they admitted that which he preferred to the Irish honors of the family. We have no doubt that all this admits of a clear explanation, but at the same time it certainly requires one; and our recollection at present does not suffice to furnish us with it. It was not enough for Mr. Banks to close his article with a sarcastic insinuation against the present possessor of those last mentioned titles without having entered into the grounds and nature of his possession.

In mentioning the claim to the Roos Barony, Mr. Banks thinks proper to notice the scrupulous accuracy of a former genealogist with a sneer, which he had better have avoided. It is stated that there was a fourth son of George, th first duke of Buckingham, named James, which James died *an infant*, and (the herald adds) '*without issue.*' This, Mr. B. sneeringly calls 'a *sagacious* remark.' It undoubtedly was a *necessary* one, since all the world knows that an infant in law, (and, we suppose, an infant in heraldry also) may very possibly die the father of a numerous progeny.

With regard however to the laborious correction of errors in Dugdale and other genealogists, and to investigation and statement of disputed titles, Mr. B, will, in general, be found to merit as much applause from his present volume as from either of the preceding ones.

Thus, in the title of 'Banbury' he has rectified from the authority of Salkeld's Reports, a gross mistake of the learned baronagian respecting the degraded descendants of the great Sir Robert Knollys.

William, the well known earl of Banbury, of Charles the first's creation, died in 1632, leaving no issue either by his first wife or '(*as the certificate subscribed by her doth testify*)' by Elizabeth his second wife, who survived him. Upon this Dugdale observes that 'notwithstanding the certificate, and an inquisition taken after his death, importing as much, it was not long after ere she married Nicholas lord Vaux, and produced two sons; viz. Edward, who by reason of a sud-

den quarrel on the road between Calais and Gravelin, was there slain; the other, Nicholas, as frequently called Earl of Banbury, but never had summons to parliament.'

'With this last sentence (adds our author) Dugdale concludes his account of this family and title; but with what degree of truth and consistency remains to be further discussed.

'At the time of the decease of the said earl, it appears that Edward, eldest of the sons before-named, was aged five years, one month and fifteen days; and that Nicholas, the other son was born on the 3d of January 1630, being upwards of two years before the death of the earl, who was never separated from his said wife Elizabeth, but lived with her during his life, in the usual form of conjugal society and communication; being notoriously seen in bed with her by several at Harwedon, after the birth of Nicholas, his youngest son, whereof she was delivered at the lord Vaux's house at that place. Under these circumstances, it must then be evident, that as the law stands, these children were legitimate; and that however suspicions might be entertained that they were rather the sons of lord Vaux than of the earl of Banbury, at the age of upwards of eighty, yet the maxims and rules of the jurisprudence of the country will not allow the suspicions of an *evil mind** to do away with the established law of the land. The assertion of Dugdale respecting the certificate said to have been signed by the widow countess, is utterly false. There is an entry made in a book of certificates in the Herald's college (the very book to which he refers,) in which it is stated, that the earl died S. P. but is not subscribed '*by her the said Elizabeth*,' nor by any other person whomsoever.'

Mr Banks then gives a very detailed account of the successive claims made to the earldom by the issue of these *equivocal* births; and, as he states that 'his object has been, as much to afford information respecting a title which Dugdale has misrepresented, as to give particulars which have hitherto never been published, *in order that the true state of the case may gratify the reader to peruse*,' we shall take the liberty of presenting it to our readers in an abridged form, as an honourable example, among many, of our author's diligence and accuracy.

On the decease of Edward, the eldest son of these *legitimate bastards*, Nicholas, the younger, became his heir, assumed the title of Earl of Banbury, sat in the convention parliament, and voted as such. On the 13th of July 1660, it

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* We suppose Mr. B. must be thinking of the royal motto; "Honi soit qui mal y pense." In these scandalous times, it does not betray any great obliquity of the heart to suspect the ligitimacy of the issue of a young woman of notorious gallantry, the wife of a man eighty years old.

was moved in the house 'That there being a person that now sits as a peer of the realm, viz. the Earl of Banbury, it is ordered that this business shall be heard at the bar by counsel, on Monday come se'nnight.' It does not appear whether the hearing ever took place; but it appears on the journals that the earl repeatedly sat in the house from the day on which the motion was made to the 21st of November, nay (such was then the regularity of senators in their attendance) 'that he was absent only seven days' up to that time, when it was ordered, '*that the earl of Banbury hath leave to be absent for a time.*'

This order, Mr. B. very properly considers as substantial evidence either that the order for taking the motion of the 13th of July had been discharged on the day of discussion, or that the result of that discussion was a confirmation of the earl's right to his seat. However that be, in the new parliament which met on the 8th of May 1661, the name of the earl of Banbury was omitted. Hereupon he presented a petition to the king, which was referred in the regular manner to a committee of privileges; and the report of that committee, 1st July, 1661, was, '*that Nicholas earl of Banbury was a legitimate person.*' The cause was then heard at the bar of the house, was again referred to the committee with some further directions; and the second report, dated 19th July, 1661, expressly confirmed the former. The further consideration of these reports was afterwards postponed from day to day, to the 9th of December, when a bill was brought in 'for declaring Nicholas, called earl of Banbury to be illegitimate.' Which bill was probably rejected, as no further mention is to be found of it. 'From that period to the present, notwithstanding several efforts of the respective heirs male in succession, no final determination has been made on the subject of this title so peculiarly circumstanced.'

Charles, son and heir of Nicholas, presented a petition to the house of lords in the first parliament after his coming of age, 1685; it was referred, as before, to a committee, which made a report on the 23d of June in that year; a hearing was appointed in consequence on the 6th of July following, but on the day before, the house adjourned; parliament was afterwards prorogued; it sat no more on business, being dissolved on the 2d of July, 1687; and thus fell the business of this second petition.

In the year 1692, this same Charles, being indicted for murder, presented another petition, praying to be tried by his peers. This petition being read, a hearing was at last obtained; and on the 17th of January, 1693, the question being put, '*Whether the petitioner hath any right to the title*

of earl of Banbury?' it was resolved in the negative, and the petition ordered to be dismissed.

These last-mentioned circumstances gave rise to a very curious question and argument at law, which is reported in Salkeld, and is in substance as follows. The defendant pleaded in abatement, on the ground of misnomer in the indictment, 'that William viscount Wallingford, by letters patent 2 Cha. I. was created earl of Banbury, to him and the heirs male of his body. That William had issue Nicholas, who succeeded him in the title; and that the honour descended from Nicholas to the defendant as his son and heir.' Against this plea was set up the dismissal of the defendant's petition to the lords. The defendant demurred; and upon argument of this demurrer, it was held by the court 'that the defendant had a title to his honour by legal conveyance, and that it was under the protection of the common law, and could not be taken from him but by legal means. That the house of lords could no more deprive one of a peerage than they could confer one. That the defendant's right stood upon the letters patent and his legitimacy. That the letters patent could not be cancelled without a scire facias, and that the defendant could not now be proved a bastard, or illegitimate.'

'At this determination of the court of K. B.' concludes Mr. B. 'the house of peers seems to have taken much offence; and it remained a subject of controversy, from March 1693, to the end of the year 1697. But no writ of error was brought in, nor did any trial take place for the alleged offence, and the defendant continued for the remainder of his life, 43 years, under bail; deprived of that inheritance, to which, by the law, (as delivered from the bench itself,) he was stated to have a right; and what is singular, and requires notice is, that while he was disallowed the '*privilege of peerage*,' he was nevertheless compelled to pay taxes '*as an earl*.'

Another case, recorded in this volume, which in many of its circumstances bears a singular resemblance to the foregoing, is that which arose out of the Purbeck title. In this, as well as the other, the ungoverned passion of a licentious woman was the cause of the controversy, and, as in the other an important point of law was involved in its decision. Dugdale, also in his account of the family, is equally erroneous as in that of the Banbury descent. He informs us 'that sir John Villiers, elder brother of the great duke of Buckingham, and the first viscount Purbeck, was twice married, viz. to Frances daughter of the famous sir Edward Coke, and to Elizabeth daughter of sir William Slingsby, *which*

Elizabeth, he adds, in the life-time of her husband, was delivered of an illegitimate son who for a long time went by the name of Robert Wright.' Now this statement, it seems, has been proved to be nothing but a tissue of error throughout. The proof is taken from Lysons's Magna Britannia, to which work it was communicated by Mr. Townshend the Windsor herald; and it stands thus. It was *Frances* lady Purbeck who, foully belying her descent from the grave and wise author of the Four Institutes, eloped from her husband and lived *under the protection* of Sir Robert Howard.

'The proceedings against her were such that she was sentenced by the high commission court to do penance in a white sheet at the Savoy church in the Strand. Furthermore, after her elopement, she for some time called herself Mrs. Wright, and lay in privately of a son who bore that name.'

This Robert, so called Wright, married the daughter and heir of the regicide Danvers, and changed his former name for that of his wife,

'Professing hatred to the name of Villiers, by reason of the many disservices, which he alledged were done to the common-wealth by that family.

'In 1660 he *levied a fine* of his honours, and is said also to have destroyed the enrolment of his patent of peerage, and denied his being a peer, as incompatible with the character of a patriot.'

This sturdy republican died in 1675 in a voluntary banishment, on account of debt.

Robert, his son, assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, which it should seem, was disallowed him by the House of Lords, notwithstanding the decision to which they came on consideration of his title, 'that no fine now levied, nor at any time hereafter to be levied, to the king, can bar a title of honour, or the right of any person claiming such title under him that levied or shall levy such fine.' What then was the ground of the judgment against his claim to the title does not appear.

The end of this *tainted* family corresponds in a striking manner with its beginnings. John, the son of the last-named Robert, 'associated with gamesters,' and cohabited early in life with the widow of —— Heneage, Esq. of Lincolnshire; whom he afterwards married for her jointure. In 1720, he petitioned the king for the earldom of Buckingham, and died in August 1723, leaving only two daughters, who, in his life-time followed their mother's lewdness, and were afterwards common prostitutes.

Robert Carey, the seventh Lord Hunsdon, is another striking instance, in addition to those which we noticed in the former volumes of this work, of persons suddenly raised to the honours of a peerage by the death of a distant relation without nearer male heirs. At the time of his succeeding to the barony in 1692, he is said to have been in the humble station of '*a weaver*. Yet, he was as near as *first cousin* to the former possessor of the honor.

Many amusing anecdotes are scattered through the volume and it was our first intention to have selected such of them as were at all new to us for the gratification of our readers; but we have been drawn on by the preceding remarks to so great a length, that we have no room left to do more than point out some of the principal faults which disfigure this valuable work, which we shall do with the very best intentions towards a gentleman whose merit in the completion of so laborious, and in general so accurate a task, we consider as deserving of praise far out-weighing any partial censures which it may be our duty to pass upon him.

We have already noticed, or meant to notice, with commendation, the anti-heraldic contempt with which Mr. Banks considers the claims of birth when unsupported by the virtues of the mind and heart. But in too many instances he has suffered this spirit to lead him into a strain of very coarse and vulgar at least, if not very unjust, abuse.

We find it something difficult to understand what could be the author's view or meaning in the following passage, which from the italics we conclude to be satirically intended, but where the satire lies or against whom it is levelled we must ask Mr. Banks's pardon for being obliged to enquire.

'Charles Talbot, 12th earl of Shrewsbury; who, having contributed to effect the *famous revolution of* 1688, was afterward* by the *Dutch prince* commonly called *William III.* in April, 1694, created marquis of Alton and duke of Shrewsbury.

To elegance of style Mr. Banks is an absolute stranger, and does not seem to have lived in habits of very close familiarity with grammar. This charge is abundantly supported by various passages in the quotations already made. But of his verbose inanity a few striking instances deserve to be added.

'After several promotions, he (lord Anson) was made vice-admiral of Great Britain, and also first lord of the Admiralty. His lordship's tried courage, skill, and professional abilities, were, however, unable to resist the attack of the common enemy; death; by whom he was at length subdued, A. 1762.'

How *new* and how *appropriate* a remark!

In another place we are told that:

'At length, the sun propitiously shining, the rose of Lancaster once more expanded her blossoms, and in full bloom reassumed her ancient lustre after the battle of Bosworth.'

We afterwards read of

'An expedition, wherein the consecrated banners of the christians fell into the hands of infidelity, and orthodox blood reeked in crimson sanctity on the Saracen's sword.'

When we read of all the calamities sustained by Lord Bacon after his fall, and summed up in one *affecting* instance

'He had this unhappiness,' observes our pathetic author, 'after all his plenitude of greatness, to be denied beer to quench his thirst.'

For a great man, who, after death, (according to Hamlet) may be reduced to the servile occupation of *stopping* a beer-barrel, to be denied the pleasure, while alive, of *opening* one, is truly afflicting!

We now take our leave of Mr. B. with a high opinion of his industry and ability, heartily wishing him to pursue his studies, but reform his style.

ART. VI.—*An Account of the Empire of Marocco, and the District of Suse; compiled from miscellaneous Observations made during a long Residence in, and various Journies through, these Countries. To which is added an accurate and interesting Account of Timbuctoo, the great Emporium of central Africa. By James Grey Jackson, Esq. Illustrated with Engravings*, 4to. *pp.* 288. *l.* 2*s.* Nicol. 1809.

THE author of the present amusing volume tells us that he resided sixteen years in different parts of the empire of Marocco. He was at the same time, practically skilled in the language of the country, and hence, he enjoyed more extensive opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the manners and character of the people, than any former traveller into this region appears to have possessed. In his three first chapters Mr. Jackson describes the geographical divisions, the rivers, mountains, climate, &c. of the empire of Marocco.

'The whole northern division of this empire,' says Mr. Jack-

son, 'is an uninterrupted corn-field; a rich black, sometimes a red soil, without stones or clay, and scarcely any trees;'

(some forests which he had previously mentioned, and the olive plantations and gardens about the cities of Fas, and Mequinas excepted,)

'but incalculably productive. The inhabitants do not regularly use dung, but reap the corn high from the ground, and burn the stubble in lieu of manure, they throw the grain on the ground, and afterwards plough it. Oats they make no use of: beans, peas, caravances, and Indian corn, are cultivated occasionally in lands adjacent to rivers.'—'Figs, grapes, melons, apricots, plums, strawberries, apples, pears, pomegranates, citrons, lemons, limes, and the refreshing fruit of the opuntia, or prickly pear, are in great abundance; oranges are sold at a dollar a thousand at Tetuan, Sallee, and some other places.' 'The mountains of Haha produces the famous wood called Arar; which is proof against rot or the worm.'

In the provinces of Erreef, El Garb, the district of Fas, the province of Bonihassen, the provinces of Temsena, Shawia, Duquella, Abda, the district of Marocco, and the province of Shedma, the inhabitants, except in the sea port towns, and in the cities of Fas, Mequinas, Marocco, and Muley Idris Zerone, consist of Arabs living in tents. But, in the extensive, and picturesque province of Haha the houses are built of stone, each having a tower, and are erected on elevated situations, forming a pleasing view to the traveller. The province of Suse abounds with the olive, the almond, the date, the orange, the grape, and all the other fruits which are produced in the northern provinces.

'The grapes of Edautenan are exquisitely rich.' 'There is not,' says the author, 'perhaps, a finer climate in the world than that of Suse.'—'About the beginning of September, the (Shume) hot wind from Sahara blows with violence during three, seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days.' 'The heat is so extreme during the prevalence of the Shume that it is not possible to walk out; the ground burns the feet; and the terraced roofs of the houses are frequently peeled off by the parching heat of the wind, which resembles the heat from the mouth of an oven; clothes are oppressive. These violent winds introduce the rainy season.

'The olive plantations in different parts of Suse are extensive and extremely productive: about Ras-El-Wed and Terodant a traveller may proceed two days through these plantations, which form an uninterrupted shade impenetrable to the rays of the sun: the same may be said of the plantations of the almond which also abound in this province.'

The breed of horses in West Barbary is said to have been much neglected except in Abda and at a place called Aia Toga near Marocco.

'These horses have stronger sinews than those of Europe, and after a little management are extremely tractable. The stallions only are rode, the mares being kept for breeding; except among the Shelluhs, who use them for riding, geldings are unknown in Mahomedan countries; a Mooselmin will neither castrate, nor sell the skin of the beast of the prophet, the noblest of animals.'

The following is the description which the author gives of the gazel (antelope.)

'The gazel is that pretty, light, and elegant animal, swift as the wind, timid as a virgin, with a soft, beautiful, large and prominent black eye, which seems to interest you in its favour. In its general appearance the gazel resembles our deer; it is, however much smaller, and has straight, black horns, turning a little backwards. The eye and figure of the gazel so well known to Arabian poets, are emblematical of beauty, and the greatest compliment that can be paid to a beautiful woman, is to compare her eyes to those of the gazel.'

The wonderful adaptation of animals not only to the general uses of man, but to particular localities, is very strikingly seen in the camel, and above all, in that species of camel, which is distinguished by the name of *El Heirie*, or Erragual. This heirie, or desert camel, is similar in figure to the camel of burthen, but more elegantly formed. But the superiority of the former to the latter is particularly seen in the greater degree of abstinence and fatigue which it will endure, and the greater velocity with which it will traverse the desert where the fiery atmosphere almost produces suffocation. The inferior kind of *heirie* called talatayee will in one day go three times the distance of the common camel; but the next kind, which is called sebayee, will perform seven days journey in one, and there is one 'called tasayee, or the heirie of nine days,' but these are extremely rare.

'The Arabs affirm that the sebayee does not always produce another Sebayee, but some times a talatayee, and sometimes a tasayee; and that its class is ascertained by the period which elapses before the young one takes the teat of the mother; thus, if it be three days, it is considered to be a talatayee, if seven days a sebayee, and if nine days, it proves to be a heirie of nine days journey. If it prove a tasayee there are great rejoicings, it being an accession of wealth to the proprietor, as a tasayee is bartered for two hundred camels; the sebayee for one hundred; and the talatayee for thirty or thereabout.—This valuable and useful animal has a ring put through its upper lip, to which is fixed a leathern strap, which answers the purposes of a bridle; the saddle is similar to that used by the Moors, or what the mountaineers of Andalusia make use of. With a goat-skin or (a bakuli) a porous earthern pitcher filled with water, a few dates, and some ground barley, the Arab travels from

Timbuctoo to Tafilelt,* feeding his heirie but once at the station of Arawad; for these camels will abstain from drinking seven days.'

Mr. Jackson informs us, that

'these heirie-riders will travel three days without food; or a few pipes of tobacco, or a handful of dates will furnish their meal; so that (a *Mehellah*) a regiment of Arabs consisting of a thousand men would subsist on less than would be sufficient to maintain a company of one hundred Englishmen.'

When Mr. Jackson was once conversing with an Arab of Suse on the subject of these fleet camels, he told him that he knew a young man who was passionately enamoured of a young girl at Mogodor, who had expressed a strong desire to have some of the best oranges, which were to be had only at Marocco, about one hundred miles distant from Mogodor. The Arab, whose gallantry deserves to be celebrated in heroic verse,

'mounted his heirie at the dawn of day, went to Marocco, purchased the oranges, and returned that night after the gates were shut, and sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.'

From numerous observations which the author made on the camelion both when at liberty, and when in confinement, he discovered that

'in gardens (its ordinary resort) it gradually changes its colour, assuming that of the substance over which it passes, and to do this it requires two or three minutes; the change beginning by the body becoming covered with small spots of the colour of the substance over which it actually passes, and which gradually increase, till it is altogether of that particular colour; green appears its favourite, or, at least, it assumes that hue more distinctly than any other, for I have seen it in vines so perfectly green, that it was scarcely distinguishable from the leaves, when it assumes a white or black colour, these are not clear, but of a dirty hue, inclining to brown.'

From various experiments the author discovered that the camelion never drinks; but he supposes that it feeds on the leaves of vegetables.

During the residence of Mr. Jackson in West and South Barbary, those countries were infested for the space of seven years, with the scourge of locusts. These creatures whose rapacity soon destroys every trace of vegetation, are said to have a sort of civil polity similar to that of the bees and

* Timbuctoo is computed to be one thousand three hundred and twenty miles from Tafilelt.

ants. When 'the (Sultan Jerraad) king of the locusts rises, the whole body follow him, not one single straggler being left behind to witness the devastation.'—In the year 1799 innumerable hosts of these insects, which had so long ravaged Barbary, were driven by a violent hurricane into the western ocean;—the shores were, in many places covered with their dead bodies, which omitted a pestilential smell. The lands, which were now restored to cultivation, yielded a most abundant harvest, but this was accompanied by a most deadly plague.—Of this plague Mr. Jackson has added a very circumstantial and interesting account in an appendix. This calamity almost depopulated the country, and in many places only seven or eight survivors were left out of as many hundreds. Vast tribes of Arabs emigrated from the interior of Sahara, and pitched their tents in the vacant districts. The author says:

'During the existence of the plague I had been in the chambers of men on their death-bed: I had had Europeans at my table, who were infected, as well as Moors, who actually had buboos on them; I took no other precaution than that of separation, carefully avoiding to touch the hand, or inhale the breath; and notwithstanding what may have been said, I am decidedly of opinion that the plague, at least this peculiar species of it, is not produced by any infectious principle in the atmosphere, but caught solely by touching infected substances, or inhaling the breath of those who are diseased; and that it must not be confounded with the common plague of Egypt or Constantinople, being a malady of a much more desperate, and destructive kind. It has been said by persons who have discussed the nature and character of the plague, that the cultivation of a country, the draining of the lands, and other agricultural improvements tend to eradicate and diminish it; but at the same time we have seen countries depopulated where there was no morass or stagnant water for many days journey, nor even a tree to impede the current of air, or a town; nor any thing but encampments of Arabs, who procured water from wells of a great depth, and inhabited plains so extensive and uniform, that they resemble the sea, and are so similar in appearance after, as well as before sun-rise, that, if the eye could abstract itself from the spot immediately surrounding the spectator, it could not be ascertained whether it were sea or land.'

Mr. Jackson has described some of the serpents of Africa, and given striking delineations of two of the most venomous kinds, the Buskah and El Efah. The great desert of Saharah is said, like Ireland, to be exempt from any venomous reptiles, but it is inhabited by an enormous monster called the Boah or desert snake, which, though not venomous, is not, on that account, less destructive. This serpent

is said to be from twenty to eighty feet long, as thick as a man's body, and of a dingy colour.

'The Arabs (speaking of it figuratively) affirm, that, as it passes along the desert it fires the ground with the velocity of its motion, it is impossible to escape it; it will twist itself round an ox, and, after crushing its bones, will swallow it gradually, after which it lies supinely on the ground two or three days, unable to proceed till the animal be digested. Two of these monsters stationed themselves on the road from Marocco to Terodant, near the latter city, a few years since; one of them was killed, the other remained there several days, and prevented travellers from passing the road: they were both young ones, being about twenty feet long.'

This Boah appears to be of the same species as that which is said to have struck such terror into the Roman soldiers at the river Megerda, in Africa. Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. viii. cap. xiv. says, that this serpent was one hundred and twenty feet long; and that it was attacked by the Romans with their ballistæ and battering engines, as if it had been a fortified town. The head and skin were hung up as a trophy in one of the temples at Rome; where they were preserved till the Numantian war. Pliny then adds;—'Faciunt his fidem in Italia appellatæ *boae:* in tantam amplitudinem exeuntes, ut Divo Claudio principe, occisae in Vaticano solidus in alvo spectatus sit infans. Aluntur primò bubuli lactis succo, unde nomen traxere.'

'In the city of Marocco there is scarcely a house,' says Mr. Jackson, 'without its domestic serpent, which is sometimes seen moving along the roofs of the apartments; they are never molested by the family, who would not hurt them on any consideration, conceiving them a benediction on the household; they have been known to suck the breasts of women while asleep, and retire without offering any further injury.'

In his sixth chapter, which relates to the metallic, mineral, and vegetable productions, the author mentions the thuya, arar, or sandrach tree, which he says, is a harder wood than the cedar and impenetrable to the worm, which would be a great acquisition in ship-building—In c. vii. the author gives some details respecting the population of the empire of Marocco; as well as its sea-ports and principal inland towns. He computes the inhabitants of Marocco at 270,000; of Fas, the old and new city, at 380,000; of Mequinas at 110,000; and the population of the whole empire, including Tafilelt, at 14,886,600 inhabitants.—At Rabat Mr. Jackson describes a tower of curious structure, which is 180 feet in height, and built of hewn stone. 'It has a gradual ascent to the top, made of a mixture of lime and sand,' which has acquired the solidity of the hardest stone. 'A man on horseback may ride up to the top of this building.'

We shall extract part of Mr. Jackson's description of the city of Marocco.

'The city of Marocco is situated in a fruitful plain, abounding in grain, and all the other necessaries of life, and depastured by sheep, and cattle, and horses of a superior breed, called (sift Ain Toga) the breed of Ain Toga. At a distance, the city has a beautiful and romantic appearance; the adjacent country being interspersed with groves of the lofty palm, and the towering snow-capped mountains of Atlas, in the back ground, seem to cool the parched and weary traveller reposing in the plains, for although none

Can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Carcasus,

yet, in the sultry season, the traveller by viewing these mountains, experiences a sensation difficult to be described. The lily of the valley, the fleur-de-lis, lupins, roses, jonquils, mignonet, jasmines, violets, the orange and citron flowers, and many others, grow here spontaneously; and in the months of March and April the air in the morning is strongly perfumed with their grateful and delicious odours. The fruits are oranges of the finest flavour, figs of various kinds, water and musk melons, apricots, peaches, and various kinds of grapes, pears, dates, plums, and pomegranates.'

'At one of the mosques in Marocco, is a square tower, (built like that of Seville in Spain, and the one near Rabat, already described;) the walls are four feet thick, and it has seven stories, in each of which are windows, narrow on the outside, but wide within, which renders the interior light and airy; the ascent is not by stairs but by a gradually winding terrace composed of lime and small stones, so firmly cemented together as to be nearly as hard as iron. On the summit of the tower is a turret in the form of a square lantern, hence called (Smâa el Fannarh) the lantern tower, which commands a most extensive prospect, and from whence Cape Cantin, distant about one hundred and twenty miles is distinctly visible. The roofs of the different chambers in this building, which are all quadrangular, are very ingeniously vaulted; and indeed the whole workmanship is of the most excellent kind. Prayers are performed here every Friday in presence of the emperor.

'The city being now on the decline little can be said of its cleanliness; the streets are mostly filled with ruins of houses which have gone to decay; and in the Millah, or Jews quarter, heaps of dung and other filth are seen as high as the houses. The Moors, however, from a natural desire of cleanliness, in which the Jews are scandalously deficient, pay more attention to the streets in which they reside. The houses being almost all old, they swarm with vermin, particularly bugs, which, in the summer season, are literally a plague, the walls being covered with them, at this period also the inhabitants are much annoyed with scorpions, which are frequently found in the beds and other places; to these may be added the domestic serpent, but this is rather considered as an object of veneration, than a nuisance.

The manners of the people in Mequinas are said to be more mild than in any other part of the empire. Mr. Jackson also passes a high eulogium on the women of this city, whose complexion is said to be fair, their eyes expressively black, and their manners soft and winning. The emperor has a palace at Mequinas, which 'contains several gardens admirably laid out, and watered by numerous streams.' In the centre of the enclosure is the seraglio, within which is a spacious garden, where the immured ladies take the air, which, in the summer, is perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

The city of Fas is more populous than that of Marocco.

'The houses have flat roofs ingeniously worked in wood, and covered with terrace, on which the inhabitants spread carpets in summer to recline upon, and enjoy the cool breezes of evening; a small turret, containing a room or two, is also erected upon them, for the use of the females of the family, who resort thither for amusement and pastime.'

Some of the mosques, sanctuaries, and other public buildings are very sumptuous edifices, and ornamented with a curious species of marble which is found in the mountains of Atlas. Fas contains nearly two hundred caravanseras or inns; which consist of three stories divided into fifty or one hundred apartments. These rooms are hired at so much a day, but the traveller must find his own bedding, and procure his meals from a cook's shop.

The Moors of West Barbary, who inhabit the principal cities, and all the sea-port towns, speak a corrupt Arabic with a mixture of Spanish. The Arabs, who have emigrated, at different periods, from Saharah, as the plague by sweeping off the population has left large portions of territory unoccupied, live in tents, and speak the language of the Koran. The Berebbers who inhabit the mountains of Atlas north of Marocco are supposed to retain a dialect of the ancient Carthaginian. Their general occupation is husbandry, and the culture of bees. The *Shelluhs*, who occupy the southern extremities of Atlas, differ from the *Berebbers* in language, dress, and manners. They live almost entirely on (assoua) barley meal made into gruel, and barley roasted or granulated, which they mix with cold water when travelling.

The author says that the Moors are for the most part thick and clumsy about the legs, and ancles, which he ascribes to their constantly sitting cross-legged like the tailors of Europe.—But their mode of bringing up children who are

not laced and strapped with close habiliments and bandages, generally prevents personal deformity. Their feet are not infested with corns, 'the toes take their natural growth; and are as useful to the mechanics as their fingers.' The blind are more numerous than in Europe.

Though custom will often acquire the force of law even in despotic states, yet in arbitrary governments the will of the prince is the paramount law;

'and if this should deviate, as it sometimes does from the moral principles laid down in the Koran, it must be obeyed. Where the emperor resides, he administers justice, in person, generally twice, and sometimes four times a week in the (M'snoire) place of audience, whither all complaints are carried: here access is easy; he listens to every one, foreigners or subjects, men or women, rich or poor; there is no distinction, any one has a right to appear before him, and boldly to explain the nature of his case; and although his person is considered as sacred, and established custom obliges the subject to prostrate himself, and pay him rather adoration than respect, yet every complainant may tell his story without the least hesitation or timidity; indeed if any one is abashed or appears diffident, his cause is weakened in proportion. Judgment is always prompt, decisive, plausible, and generally correct.'

The following is the general influence of a despotic government upon the habits and dispositions of the people.

'The Moors,' says Mr. Jackson, 'are suspicious, deceitful, cruel; they have no respect for their neighbours, but will plunder one another when it is in their power; for they are strangers to every social tie and affection; for their hearts are scarcely susceptible of one tender impression; the father fears the son, the son the father; and this lamentable mistrust and want of confidence diffuses itself throughout the whole community.'

Hence trade and commerce, which are rooted in a great degree in a reciprocal confidence, can never flourish much in a despotic state.

The author mentions a moral trait in the character of the Moors, which, though it originates in one of the otherwise mischievous tenets of their religion, is, on the whole, a sublime effort of piety and virtue. The doctrine of predestination, which is such a striking feature of the Mahomedan creed, causes them to practise an elevated fortitude in a state of suffering and adversity, which is rarely equalled even by Christians.—The Moor never despairs; 'no calamity however great will make him complain; he is resigned in all things to the will of God.'—The author relates the following anecdote as an instance of this patient submission to the Deity in the most aggravated misfortunes.

'A Fas merchant,' says he, 'with whom I had considerable transactions, went, with all his property, on a commercial speculation from Fas to Timbuctoo; and after remaining at the latter place a sufficient time to dispose of, and barter his effects for gold dust and gum of Soudan, he set out on his return to Fas; after passing the desert he began to congratulate himself on his good fortune and great success, when suddenly a party of Arabs attacked the (cafila) caravan, and plundered all who belonged to it, leaving the Fas merchant destitute of every thing but what clothes he had on his back. During the interim between the death of Sultan Yezzid and the proclamation of the present Sultan Solyman, this man was plundered again on his way to Mogodor, whither he was going to discharge some debts, and to dispose of gum and other Soudanic produce. Four wives and a numerous family of children rendered his case peculiarly distressing; yet when condoling with him a few days after his misfortunes had happened, he very patiently observed (Ash men doua, Allah bra; u la illah, ila Allah,) What remedy is there? God willed it so, and there is none but God. This man afterwards collected together what merchandize he could procure on credit, and proceeded to Timbuctoo, where he realized much property, and travelling therewith through Wangara and Houssa to Egypt, he was plundered a third time of all he possessed, near Cairo, and reduced to the greatest distress: this last misfortune he bore with the same fortitude as the former. He is now, however, one of the principal merchants established at Timbuctoo.'

The Moors are said to be for the most part,

'more cleanly in their persons than in their garments. They wash their hands before every meal, which, as they use no knives or forks, they eat with their fingers: half a dozen persons sit round a large bowl of *Cucasoe*, and after the first ejaculation, (Bismillah!) 'In the name of God!' each person puts his hand to the bowl, and taking up the food puts it by a dexterous jerk into his mouth, without suffering his fingers to touch the lips. However repugnant this may be to our ideas of cleanliness, yet the hand being always washed, and never touching the mouth in the act of eating, these people are by no means so dirty as Europeans have sometimes hastily imagined. They have no chairs or tables in their houses, but sit cross-legged on carpets and cushions; and at meals, the dish, or bowl of provisions is placed on the floor. The women are not less cleanly than the men: for besides performing the usual ablution before and after meals, they wash their face, hands, arms, legs and feet, two or three times a day, which contributes greatly to heighten their beauty. The poorer classes, however, look deplorable, and excite disgust. The faces of the old women appear shrivelled from the immoderate use of cosmetics and paint during their youth.'

The number of wives which a Mahomedan may possess

is limited by the Koran to four: but every individual may besides add to the number as many concubines as he can support. But most Mooselmin are satisfied with one wife; and the practice of polygamy appears to be much more circumscribed than the permission. The concubines of the Moors are, for the most part, black women, who are purchased at Timbuctoo; they reside in the house with the wives, and perform the menial offices of the family. The children, when not the offspring of the master, are born slaves, and may be disposed of according to the pleasure of the owner; but they are said to be usually brought up under the mother's care and to become members of the family. Children in West Barbary are said, but from what supposed cause the author does not mention, to be frequently afflicted with baldness and the falling sickness,

'which, however, gradually leave them as they grow up: the women are very subject to the latter, which they call *m'jinen*, that is, possessed with a spirit.'

The Siphylitic disease is so general in Barbary, that the author supposes there is scarcely a Moor in the country 'who has not more or less of the virus in his blood.' They have no effectual remedy for it, and they have no knowledge of mercurial specifics. The leprosy is said to be very prevalent, and persons, infected with this loathsome malady, go about asking alms, in parties of twenty or thirty. The lepers in Marocco have their residence fixed in a particular district without the walls.

'In passing through this place' says the author, 'I observed that its inhabitants were by no means disfigured in personal appearance, excepting, that they generally have no eye-brows.'

Those who are afflicted with the leprosy are obliged to wear a badge of distinction, when they appear abroad.

'The lepers are seen in various parts of Barbary sitting on the ground with a wooden bowl before them, begging, and in this way they collect sometimes a considerable sum for such a country: they intermarry with each other, and although the whole system is said to be contaminated, yet they do not discover any external marks of disease except the before-mentioned paucity or total want of eye-brows. On any change of weather, and particularly if the sky be overcast, and the air damp, they will be seen sitting round a fire, warming their bones as they term it, for they ache all over till the weather resumes its wonted salubrity.'

Before the Mahomedans bury their dead, they wash the

body, then lay it on a wooden tray, without any coffin, but covered with a shroud of cotton cloth; it is thus borne to the grave. The dead are not suffered to be buried in towns or among the habitations of the living. Christians would in this respect do well to copy their example. This great metropolis is, from the contrary practice, a perfect charnel-house, and the atmosphere in many places is infected with the noxious effluvia of the putrescent dead.

In c. ix. Mr. Jackson makes some observations on the Mahomedan religion, in which he exhibits a more favourable sketch than most other writers of the moral system of the prophet.

'Were there as many absurdities,' says he,' in this religion as some persons have attributed to it, it is probable that it would not have extended itself over so great a portion of the habitable globe; for we find it embraced with little exception from the shores of West Barbary, to the most eastern part of Chinese Tartary, an extent of upwards of 8000 miles; and from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few nations of Pagans; neither is there any language spoken and understood by so great a proportion of the population of the world as that in which it is promulgated.'

But where the people are grossly ignorant, and freedom of discussion is not allowed, no proof of the excellence of any doctrine can be founded on its prevalence, or on the extent of territory which it occupies. In c. x. we have some remarks on the languages of Africa, with some specimens of the Mandinga, &c. In c. xi. we find some useful details respecting the trade of Marocco, with which the author appears to be well acquainted. He states that ' *nearly the whole of the exports consists of manufactured goods*, and that the returns for these are entirely raw materials, many of which are essentially necessary in our manufactures.' He asserts that besides these advantages a friendly intercourse with the empire of Marocco would enable this country to victual not only Gibraltar, but also all our different fleets which cruize in the Mediterranean and on the northern coast of Africa. In our present state of exclusion from the European continent this alone would be no inconsiderable advantage.

The ignorance of our diplomatic corps in the language of the Barbary powers seems greatly to have impeded the establishment of any commercial intercourse. The author mentions a singular fact which evinces the necessity of a more intimate acquaintance with the language of Africa. A very polite and friendly letter was written to th king o

Great Britain by the emperor of Marocco; but as no one could be found capable of rendering it into English, it remained unnoticed in the Secretary of State's office. This markof disrespect is said to have given great offence to the sovereign of West Barbary. This letter was afterwards, transmitted for the sake of a translation to the author of this work.

In c. xii. the author has furnished an interesting account respecting the state of European captives in Africa. When an European vessel happens unfortunately to be wrecked upon the coast, the crew are made slaves by the Arabs, by whom they are stripped and marched up the country, naked from head to foot with the exception of a cloth or rag about their loins.

'The feet of Europeans, from their not being accustomed, like the Arabs, to this mode of travelling, soon begin to swell with the heat of the burning sands over which they pass, the Arab considering only his booty, does not give himself the trouble to enquire into the cause of this, but abstemious and unexhausted himself, he conceives his unfortunate captives will, by dint of fatigue and travelling, become so too. In these marches the Europeans suffer the pains of fatigue and hunger in a most dreadful degree; for the Arab will go fifteen miles a day without tasting food, and at night will content himself with a little barley mixed with cold water, miserable fare for an English seaman who (to use the term that is applied to the richest man among the Arabs) eats meat every day.'

As these christian captives are reckoned very inferior from their habits of life to the black slaves, who are procured from Timbuctoo, they do not find a ready sale, but are usually driven from one market to another till they are bartered to some Jew traders of Wedinoon.

'If the Jew have a correspondent at Mogodor, he writes to him that a ship had been wrecked, mentioning the flag or nation she belonged to, and requests him to inform the agent or consul of the nation of which the captain is a subject.'

But these unfortunate persons are still liable to be kept in servitude for a considerable time, from the want of a sufficient fund at Mogodor for their redemption. Mr. Jackson very humanely proposes the establishment of such a fund.

In c. xiii. the author describes the routes of the caravans to and from Timbuctoo, the great emporium of central Africa. This commercial intercourse is conducted by means of *akkabaahs*, or accumulated caravans, which consist of several hundred camels which the Arabs let to the traders

for the transport of their merchandize. During their route these caravans,

'are often exposed to the attacks of the roving Arabs of Sahara, who generally commit their depredations as they approach the confines of the desert. In this tiresome journey the akkabaahs do not proceed in a direct line across the trackless desert to the place of their destination, but turn occasionally eastward or westward according to the situation of certain fertile, inhabited, and cultivated spots interspersed in various parts of Sahara, like islands in the ocean, called Oas or Oases; these serve as watering-places to the men, as well as to feed, refresh, and replenish the hardy and patient camels: at each of these Oases, the akkabaah sojourns about seven days, and then proceeds on its journey, until it reaches another spot of the same description. In the intermediate journies, the hot winds, denominated Shume, are often so violent, as considerably, if not entirely to exhale the water carried in skins by the camels for the use of the passengers and drivers; on these occasions the Arabs and people of Soudan affirm that five hundred dollars have been given for a draft of water, and that ten or twenty are commonly given when a particular exhalation has occurred. In 1805, a caravan, proceeding from Timbuctoo to Tafilelt, was disappointed in not finding water at one of the usual watering places, when, horrible to relate, the whole of the persons belonging to it, two thousand in number, besides eighteen hundred camels perished of thirst! Accidents of this sort account for the vast quantities of human and other bones which are found mingled together in various parts of the desert.'

The author adds some interesting particulars respecting the city of Timbuctoo, its products, commerce, government, and the manners of the people.

The articles which are brought by the akkabaahs from Timbuctoo, in return for the products and manufactures of Europe, consist principally of gold dust, gold rings, bars of gold, elephants' teeth, gums of Soudan, grains of paradise, odoriferous gums, besides a great number of slaves. The gold rings and other trinkets which are manufactured at Jinnie are said to be of pure gold, and exquisite workmanship. Some of them are made hollow for the purpose of containing an amulet or charm, which consists of passages from the Koran written in some particular form. These amulets are supposed to be endued with various alexipharmic properties, and particularly in countries where it is thought that 'no disorder can attack either man or beast without the aid of some (*jin*) spirit, or departed soul, or (*drubba del 'ain*) an evil eye.'

'The city of Timbuctoo is situated on a plain surrounded by sandy emi..es, about twelve miles north of the Nile *El Abeede*,

or Nile of the Blacks, and three (erhellat) days journey from the confines of Sahara; the city is about ten miles in circumference but without walls. The town of Kabra, situated on the banks of the river, is its commercial port. By means of a water carriage east and west of Kabra, great facility is given to the trade of Timbuctoo, from whence the various articles of European as well as Barbary manufactures, brought by the Akkabaahs, from the north of Africa are distributed to the different empires and states of Soudan and the south. This great mart is resorted to by all nations, whither they bring the various products of their respective countries, to barter for the European and Barbary manufactures.'

The king of Timbuctoo, is the sovereign of Bambarra.

'The name of this potentate, in 1800, was Woolo, he is a black and a native of the country which he governs; his usual place of residence is Jinnie, though he has three palaces in Timbuctoo, which which are said to contain an immense quantity of gold.'

'The various costumes exhibited in the market-places and streets, indicate the variety and extent of the commercial intercourse with the different nations of central Africa.'

The religious toleration which is said to prevail in this remote part of the world, is not certainly of European origin, though it is worthy of European imitation.

'Every one is allowed to worship the great author of his being without restraint, and according to the religion of his father, or the way wherein he may have been inclined.'

The government of the city is entrusted to a divan of twelve Alemma, or men learned in the Koran, and an umpire, who are appointed by the sovereign for three years, after which they relapse into the body of the citizens. The civil jurisprudence is directed by a cadi, who is attended by twelve talbs of the law, or attornies, to each of whom a separate judicial department is assigned. The climate of Timbuctoo is said to be highly salubrious and invigorating. There is a state library in the city, 'which is composed for the most part of manuscripts in the Arabic,' amongst which the author thinks it probable 'that there are many translations of Greek and Latin authors, which are at present unknown to Europeans.' If any translations of the lost books of Livy could be found among these, we should deem the acquisition of such a treasure superior to all the gold dust of Timbuctoo. What scholar is there, who will have courage to cross the desert in order to attempt the discovery of such an esteemed portion of ancient literature?

'The soil about Timbuctoo is generally fertile, and near the river produces rice, millet, Indian corn, and other grain; wheat and barley grow in the plains.'

Coffee grows wild here as well as indigo. The persons, who are employed in working the mines of gold, which lie south of the bed of the river, and belong to the Sultan Woolo, are Bambareen negroes, whose labour is remunerated by all the pieces of gold which are under the weight of twelve mizams or about two ounces.

'It is asserted that the mines are so pure that lumps of virgin gold are constantly found of several ounces in weight; and, hence owing to the abundance of this precious metal, some articles of small value in Europe are often sold at Timbuctoo for their weight in gold.'

The author says that some communication by water exists between Timbuctoo and Cairo, but that

'it does not facilitate the purposes of trade, from the expense of land carriage by means of camels being more moderate than that by water; besides the advantages to a traveller of a continued succession of rich and fertile countries, make the journey rather an excursion of pleasure, when compared to the toils of the desert, where heat and thirst are so much dreaded by the weary traveller.'

The Nile of Egypt and the Nile of Timbuctoo are supposed by the traders in the interior of Africa to be

'one and the same river, or rather that the latter is the western branch of the former.'

The Africans are said to be astonished at the incredulity of Europeans, who dispute the connection between these two rivers, which they assert to have been demonstrated by the experience of ages. In 1780, a party of seventeen Jinnie negroes are said to have proceeded in a canoe as far as Cairo, which, after bartering their *goods* several times by the way, and making longer stays at many towns on their passage they reached in fourteen months. These negroes travelled in the caravan from Cairo to Marocco and returned to Jinnie after an absence of three years and two months.

In this work of Mr. Jackson there is much novel and interesting matter respecting a country of which but little is known. The author has not made up a book of scraps taken from other writers; nor has he indulged in historical

recollections, nor in superfluous digressions in order to swell his volume to a more stately bulk. He has described the present state of West Barbary, with that circumstantial accuracy which a long residence in the country, an extensive intercourse with the natives, and much personal observation enabled him to obtain. Had the author been prone to deviate from the subject immediately before him, he might readily have found ample opportunity of indulging his favourite wish. He might, for instance, without any very great violence, have incorporated in his work a large portion of the Jugurthine War of Sallust; or Strabo might conveniently have been employed to furnish some details respecting the ancient state of the country. But the author does not appear to have been of a *book-making* disposition; and his performance accordingly contains more information and amusement than we usually find in most books of voyages or travels of the same size. The author adheres rigidly to his subject, and he seldom fails to do it justice by his perspicuous and unaffected manner of treating it. For the gratification of our readers we have selected many of his novel and interesting details; and, on this, as we often do on other occasions, and as we could wish to do on all, we have furnished them with sufficient materials to form their own judgment on the merits of the work.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of William Paley, D. D. By G. W. Meadley. To which is added an Appendix*, 8vo. *pp.* 384. Cradock *and* Joy.

MR. Meadley, after lamenting that no biographical account of Dr. Paley has yet appeared beyond a brief notice in the *General Biography*, and that none of his earlier friends have undertaken the task, who were so well qualified to detail the events of his life and to appreciate his character, tells us 'that he knew him only in his later years,'

'But a persuasion, that the whole of any eminent character can never be duly appreciated, except from the views of different observers, on the one hand, and, on the other, an anxious wish to bear testimony to the merits of a much respected pastor, and to perpetuate his memory amongst his last parishioners more especially, have produced the present publication.

'No pains have been spared to procure accurate intelligence from the most repectable quarters, though several enquiries have been made without success. To those gentlemen who have assisted him with information of dates or facts, the writer acknowledges himself highly obliged, and trusts that what is recorded in the fol-

lowing pages will be found substantially correct. For many particulars, he is exclusively responsible himself, having cultivated Dr. Paley's acquaintance, from the period of his coming to Bishop Wearmouth, with no common interest and attention.'

William Paley, whose writings have contributed, in no small degree, to fix the belief of the wavering, and to repel the cavils of the scoffer, was born at Peterborough, where his father was a minor canon of the cathedral, in July 1743. In 1745 the father was appointed head-master of the grammar-school at Giggleswick, in Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the family had long resided on a small patrimonial estate. The mother of our author is said to have been 'a woman of strong and active mind.' He was educated under his father's eye; and is said to have exhibited diligence equal to his ability. He was curious in making enquiries about mechanism, whenever an opportunity occurred. We are informed that he combined mental activity with corporeal sluggishness. Angling was his favourite amusement in youth; nor was it less his predilection in age. He is said to have conciliated the kind regards of his schoolfellows by his cheerfulness and drollery.

'He frequently amused the young circle by the successful mimicking of a mountebank quack doctor in vending his powders.'

In November 1758, Mr. Paley was admitted a sizar of Christ's college Cambridge. He performed his journey to the university on horseback in company with his father; and he was often wont to describe the disasters that befel him on the way.

'I was never a good horseman, and when I followed my father on a poney of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times:—I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious:—My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside and say, 'take care of thy money, lad.''

Mr. Paley appears to have taken with him to the university a larger stock of mathematical learning than most young men are found to carry away after a residence of several years. He evinced no ordinary diligence in those studies which were required. The happy facility which he possessed of concentrating his faculties on the subject to which they happened to be applied, rendered him capable of mental exertion in circumstances and amid scenes which would have dissipated the attention of other men. In a room filled with idle, frivolous, and noisy loungers he could read a book without regarding the interruption. But we are told that Mr.

Paley was also distinguished by a propensity to lie in bed till a very late hour in the morning, and to spend much time in company after dinner. And hence Mr. Meadley infers, as we think with much sagacity and justness, that 'he was more indebted to observation and reflection than to books for the general improvement of his mind.'

The mind of Paley never appeared to us to have been much enriched by extraneous store. His reading does not seem to have been very various nor extensive, but, what he read he assimilated by intellectual digestion and preserved by the aid of a retentive memory. His mind was one of those that know how to arrive at the pulp of truth by the shortest process of intellectual exertion.

'On his first arrival from the country, the uncouthness of his dress and manners caused not a little mirth amongst his fellow collegians; but as the superiority of his genius and his real worth were soon discovered, these singularities did not long deprive him of their esteem and admiration. Besides, he was a most excellent companion, and had the happiest knack of turning the laugh against himself, by relating some absurd and ridiculous blunder which he had committed; and his absence of mind and inattention to the common occurrences of life supplied him with many such stories. In his merry humours he could always find something to laugh at in himself; and, indeed, he was often heard to say that 'a man who is not sometimes a fool, is always one.'

'Mr. Paley being generally careless about his dress, and sometimes even remarkably inattentive to it, attracted more than common notice, when he appeared in the public schools, to keep his first *act*, with his hair full dressed, and in a deep ruffled shirt, and new silk stockings; which aided by his gestures, his action, and his whole manner, when earnestly engaged in the debate, excited no small mirth in the spectators. This was his first appearance before the university as a disputant, and he acquitted himself with such unwonted ability, that the schools were afterwards invariably crowded, whenever he was expected to dispute.'

When Mr. Paley kept his act he proposed to dispute *against* '*capital punishments*,' and '*the eternity of hell torments*.' But Dr. Thomas, the master of his college, thought this such a perilous field of argument, that he objected to both the questions, and insisted on his relinquishing the last. Mr. Paley was unwilling to offend his superiors, and therefore wished to change the last question; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Watson, the moderator, he undertook to *defend* the eternity of hell torments! We should have been more pleased with the anecdote, if Mr. Paley had changed

the *question*, instead of labouring to establish a doctrine which he really wished to subvert!

In January 1763, he took his degree of bachelor of arts, and was senior wrangler of the year. After taking his bachelor's degree he became second usher in an academy at Greenwich. His province was to teach the Latin language. In his leisure hours he frequently rambled about the metropolis, which affords numerous opportunities for the improvement of a discriminating and contemplative mind. He was hardly less ardent in the pursuit of amusement than of knowledge. This alternation of different propensities seems to be the frequent characteristic of a superior mind. The intellectual powers cannot be always kept upon the stretch; and the more they are stretched at one interval the more they will unbend at another. Great intensity of exertion requires proportionate relaxation. It is both morally and physically good. It might seem a little inconsistent, and to a contracted mind not a little absurd, to see a philosopher sprawled upon the floor and playing with a child; but it is what we should not be surprised at seeing, and it is what we should delight to see. Sir Isaac Newton could descend from the contemplation of the stars to the prattle of the nursery; and Dr. Clarke after profoundly investigating the attributes of the Deity, could jump over the chairs and tables in his room with all the frolic temerity of youth. The hypocritical formalist may be uniformly grave without being wise; but the artless sage is constantly gay without ever being dull.

Paley was fond of attending the theatre; and he always took his station as near as he could to the orchestra in the pit. His thoughtful mind was, at the same time, nurtured and enlarged by attending the different courts of judicial procedure in the metropolis. He is said thus to have obtained a clear and accurate insight into the criminal law; and he doubtless increased his acquaintance with the labyrinth of the human heart. At this time Mr. Paley's situation at Greenwich appears to have been highly satisfactory to him; and he has been often heard to say that 'the rank of *first assistant* in the academy was then the highest object of his ambition.'

In 1765, Mr. Paley became a candidate for one of the prizes which are given by the representatives of the university for two of the best dissertations in Latin prose. The subject was 'a comparison between the Stoic and Epicurean philosophy, with respect to the influence of each on the morals of a people.' Mr. Paley, who wisely thought that this constitution of things was designed for a state of rational

enjoyment, strenuously defended the system of Epicurus; which he said had been misrepresented and reviled by ignorance and prejudice; and that it was more favourable to virtue and to happiness than the austerities of Stoicism. This essay was written in English, and afterwards translated into Latin; but it was deemed worthy of the first prize.

In the summer vacation at Greenwich he went over to read his dissertation in the senate-house at Cambridge. He entered the university

' alone in a post-chaise with the windows down, he ordered the postilion to drive slowly along the streets. This, when the subject was afterwards mentioned to him, he called a piece of ridiculous vanity, and seemed evidently much hurt at the recollection of it. Yet in this triumphal entry he was by no means singular; success has often produced this sort of weakness; and what were Roman triumphs, but the display of vanity on a much larger scale?

' In the senate-house, he is said to have done little justice to the merits of his essay by his delivery. When he came to the following sentence; ' In physicis bene multa dixerunt, et vestris digna studiis, et *meis* fortasse non aliena,' he spoke the latter part of it so affectedly, as to amuse his audience for some moments. Indeed, he afterwards confessed to a friend, that, when he came to that passage, his feelings were so acute as to overpower him, and to render ridiculous what he meant to be impressive.'

He was ordained deacon at the usual age, and officiated for some time as curate to Dr. Hinchliffe, then vicar of Greenwich and afterwards bishop of Peterborough. Soon after this he left the academy, in consequence of a disagreement with Mr. Bracken respecting the distribution of some money, which had been sent by the parents of the boys as a gratuity to the different assistants.

In June 1766, Mr. Paley was elected fellow of Christ's college, when he removed to the university, and embarked in the office of tuition, in which his strong and argumentative mind, his perspicuity of exposition and his felicity of illustration, combined with no small share of pleasantry and good humour, which are no contemptible requisites in a teacher, rendered him transcendently qualified to excel. Mr. Law, son of the master of Peterhouse, afterwards bishop of Carlisle, shared with him the toils of tuition; and the union of so much ability ' soon raised the celebrity of the college to an unprecedented height.' A cordial friendship was established between Mr. Paley and Mr. Law; and they usually spent their long vacations together in travelling over different parts of the kingdom together in a one-horse chaise. This intimacy naturally led to the introduction of Mr. Paley to the acquaintance of Mr. Law's father, who was promoted

to the see of Carlisle by the generous patronage of the Duke of Grafton, in 1769. Mr. Paley became chaplain to his lordship. Mr. Edward Law, the present excellent lord chief justice, prosecuted his studies under the superintendance of Mr. Paley.

'Mr. Paley lectured on metaphysics, morals, and the Greek Testament; and, after he had been some years a tutor, on divinity.'

The substance of his moral lectures is contained in his 'Principles of moral and political Philosophy.'

'His lectures on the Greek Testament were given every Sunday and Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, and attended by all the under-graduates; who read and translated in turn as many verses as the lecturer thought fit. He then gave them the general sense of the whole, pointed out those passages which deserved peculiar attention, and, explaining scripture by scripture, accompanied the whole with suitable moral exhortations. His explanation of the most difficult passages was always perspicuous and satisfactory, and much in the manner of free rational enquiry. But he carefully avoided all sectarian disputes, taking for his model, *Locke on the Reasonableness of Christianity*, and *on the Epistles*, w'rks which he frequently recommended. The thirty-nine articles of religion he treated of as mere articles of peace, the whole of which it was impossible the framers could expect any one person to believe, as upon dissection they would be found to contain about two hundred and forty distinct and independent propositions, many of them inconsistent with each other. They must, therefore, he said, be considered as propositions, which, for the sake of keeping peace amongst the different sects of reformers, who originally united in composing the church of England, it was agreed should not be impugned or preached against. 'The chief points insisted upon by Mr. Paley to his pupils were, that they should listen to God, and not to man; that they should exert their faculties in understanding the language of holy men of old; that they should free themselves, as much as possible, from all prejudices of birth, education, and country; and that they should not call any one their master in religion, but JESUS CHRIST.'

Mr. Paley's lectures were so generally sought, and so much admired, that copious notes of them were taken by many of his pupils; and Mr. Meadley reports, and we have ourselves heard it said by a gentleman who possessed the best means of information, that not a single idea is to be found in the subsequent publications of Paley, which his lectures had not previously developed.

Mr. Paley did not sign the clerical petition, which was presented to the House of Commons in 1772, for a relief from subscription to articles of religion, though it appears

that he approved the object, and desired the accomplishment. On this occasion he is said to have made use of the words which have sometimes been quoted to his prejudice, and which at first view do leave an impression on the mind not favourable to his character. '*I cannot afford to have a conscience.*' These expressions, like many others, which are spoken in a moment of vivacity or inadvertence, ought not, we think, to be rigidly nor literally interpreted, as implying that his sense of duty should not be suffered to obstruct his prospect of emolument.

A pamphlet was published in 1774, entitled, '*Considerations on the Propriety of requiring a Subscription to Articles of Faith.*' This work was written by the bishop of Carlisle, who did not abandon, on his elevation to the bench, the principles of an enlightened tolerance, which he had espoused in his earlier years. '*An Answer to the Considerations,*' was published by Dr. Thomas Randolph of Oxford, which impelled Mr. Paley to write a' Defence of the Considerations,' in which he has completely overpowered his adversary by the superior cogency of his arguments. We made some quotations from this work in our Review of Mr. Wyvill's excellent pamphlet on Intolerance. We refer the reader to the number for March, p. 804.

In 1776, Mr. Paley married Miss Jane Hewitt, a young lady of Carlisle, when he quitted the university. He now fixed his residence at Musgrove in Westmoreland, a rectory then worth about 80l. per ann., which had been recently given him by the bishop of Carlisle.

'The situation of this pleasant village, on the banks of the river Eden, allowed him to indulge himself frequently in angling, the favourite amusement of his youth. So partial indeed was he to a sport, which, notwithstanding the opinion of honest Walton, can scarcely be reconciled to either reason or humanity, that he at one time, kept a journal of his exploits, and had afterwards his portrait taken with his rod and line. Alluding to his success in trouling for pike, he used to say, that the fish, when not hungry, would sometimes nibble without swallowing the bait, in which case he found it necessary to stimulate its appetite by manœuvring; ' for,' added he, ' the pike reasons thus, though I am not hungry now, I may be to-morrow, and therefore must not lose so tempting a prize.'

Here he was induced to engage in the culture of a small farm, as a source of employment and emolument, but the deficiency of his returns soon proved that he was but ill qualified for such an undertaking. In 1776, Mr. Paley was inducted to the vicarage of Dalston in Cumberland in the

neighbourhood of Rose Castle worth about ninety pounds a year. In 1777, he resigned the rectory of Musgrove for the more valuable vicarage of Appleby, between which place and Dalston he now divided his residence. In 1780, he was appointed to the fourth prebendal stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, worth about four hundred pounds a year; and, on the promotion of his friend, Mr. Law, to the bishopric of Clonfert in Ireland, he was made archdeacon of Carlisle. Mr. Paley accompanied the new bishop to Dublin where he preached a sermon at his consecration; and afterwards travelled with him to his episcopal residence on the great river Shannon, in Galway, one of the least civilized parts of Ireland, which gave him an opportunity of observing the deplorable wretchedness of the Irish peasantry.

Mr. Paley was now engaged in preparing for the press his great work, 'Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy.' When the manuscript was ready for the press he offered it to Mr. Faulder for three hundred pounds, who refused to give more than two hundred and fifty.—A bookseller in Paternoster-row, accidentally hearing of the intended publication, made an offer of one thousand pounds for the copy-right of the work. This circumstance was communicated to Mr. Faulder by the bishop of Clonfert; who, 'though in no small degree surprized and astonished at the advance, agreed to give the sum required before the bishop left the house.' The bookseller does not appear to have been any loser by his bargain; for the work passed through fifteen editions in the life of the author. The merits of this performance are now so generally acknowledged that it would be vain for us to endeavour to exalt them by praise or to lower them by blame.

On the death of Dr. Burn, in 1785, Mr. Paley became chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle. His friend and patron bishop Law died in 1787, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Mr. Paley wrote a short memoir of his life, which has been inserted in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, and in the Encyclopædia Britannica. In 1790, he published his *Horæ Paulinæ*, in which he has, perhaps, displayed more originality of thought, more sagacity of remark, and more delicacy of discrimination than in any of his other works.

In 1791, Mr. Paley lost his wife, who died after a long illness, leaving four sons and four daughters.—About this time he took a rather active part in favour of the abolition of the slave trade; and much to his honour, he suggested a plan for promoting the civilization of Africa, as the only species of restitution which we could make for the ravage, the cruelty,

and oppression which we had so long practised on that continent. He proposed to export from the United States, several little colonies of free negroes, to settle them in different parts of Africa, that they might serve as patterns of more civilized life to the natives in their several vicinities.

In May 1792, the vicarage of Addingham, near Great Salkeld, was added to his stock of preferment by the dean and chapter of Carlisle. In the same year he published '*Reasons for Contentment*,' addressed to the labouring classes, pp. 22. From the time and the circumstances in which this was written, it was thought, even by many of the previous friends and admirers of the author, to have been designed not so much to promote the *ostensible object* of the publication, as to recommend the writer to the notice of the minister of the day. The pamphlet itself evidently showed that Paley had placed himself in the ranks of the alarmists; and that he was anxious to procure the favour of men in power, by a fugitive pamphlet, accommodated to the wishes of the court, and to the *seeming exigencies* of the day. He thought probably, that the pamphlet would answer its end, and be forgotten, while his literary fame rested securely on the basis of his larger works. If Mr. Paley had employed his talents and his authority in dissipating the alarm which was artfully excited in order to induce the country passively to acquiesce in a diminution of the public liberty, and if he had shown that the true way of appeasing the public discontent, was by a more economical expenditure of the public money, by a scrupulous abstinence from wanton and wasteful wars, and by a temperate reform of abuses, which have been suffered to accumulate for more than a century, he would have deserved immortal renown as a friend both to the people and the king, to the cottage, to the throne, and to the sanctuary.—If the object of Mr. Paley in writing this two-penny pamphlet, in which some commonplace maxims are very forcibly expressed, were to mount from an archdeaconry to a deanery or a bishopric, he certainly failed in his pursuit.—Mr. Pitt was no doubt pleased to see the sturdy oak labouring to acquire the pliancy of the ozier, but he had oziers still more pliant than he.—The premier loved and rewarded flexibility of opinion, but *he loved and rewarded it most, where it was accompanied with a mediocrity of talent.* He had no desire to elevate to the public sphere a mind that could, if occasion offered, wrestle with his own. Hence no superiority of talent was ever nurtured by his patronage nor caressed by his smile; and hence during his long administration, he had *filled* the several de-

partments of the state, if we may be indulged in the use of an Iricism, with a *dearth* of virtue and ability.

Notwithstanding the subserviency which Mr. Paley had manifested to the views of the premier in his four-and-twenty-page effort, Mr. Pitt could not forget some of the forcible and weighty generalities which are to be found in the two octavo volumes of Moral and Political Philosophy, and which must, by a necessary deduction lead to practical conclusions very opposite to the general tendency of his administration.

In 1794, Mr. Paley published his 'View of the Evidences of Christianity,' in which he has exhibited a compressed, but luminous view of the arguments which have been adduced by the most able theologians in favour of the truth of revelation.—The argument from history is succinctly detailed; but some, who have been very studious of truth, and much addicted to research, have thought that the advocate has forgotten some of the primary links in the chain of proof. —For this work which appeared at a critical juncture, when the bold but ignorant scepticism of Payne was supposed to have given a rude shock to the national faith, he was more liberally rewarded than for any of his preceding publications. The minister of the day indeed did not load him with any of the ecclesiastical dignities which belong to the treasury; but three bishops seemed emulous to mark their gratitude for his services to the church.—The late bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, gave him a prebendal stall in St. Paul's. The bishop of Lincoln made him the subdean of that diocese;—and, lastly, the bishop of Durham presented him with the valuable rectory of Bishop Wearmouth.—These several pieces of preferment may be estimated at considerably more than two thousand pounds a year.

After being installed as subdean of Lincoln, Mr. Paley proceeded to Cambridge to take his degree of doctor in divinity. In the '*concio ad clerum*,' which he preached on the occasion, he unfortunately pronounced the word *profŭgus*, *profūgus*, which gave rise to the following epigram from one of the university wits;

'Italiam fato *profŭgus* Lavinaque, venit
Litora.'
Errat Virgilius, forte *profūgus* erat.'

Dr. Paley enjoyed the singular happiness of having his parents live to witness his general celebrity, and his success in life. His mother did not die till March 1796, at the age of 83, and his father survived her till September 1799, at

the more advanced period of eighty-eight. In December, 1795, Dr. Paley married his second wife, a Miss Dobinson of Carlisle, with whom he had been intimately acquainted for several years.

'In allusion to the act, passed in the first session of the imperial parliament, in 1801, for disabling all persons who had taken orders from sitting in the house of commons, Dr. Paley remarked—'That, in his opinion, the exclusion was just, so far as those only were concerned, who held ecclesiastical preferments, and had clerical duties to discharge: but he could see no satisfactory reasons, why the provisions of the act should extend to such as had given up all pretensions to the honours and emoluments of the church.' His sentiments on this subject seem to have coincided with what was urged, so pertinently and so forcibly, against the measure, during its discussion in the two houses, by lord Thurlow and Mr. Horne Tooke.'

The law to exclude clergymen from the House of Commons, which was passed during the administration of Mr. Addington, seems to have been promoted less by a wish to rescue the sacred order of ecclesiastics from the vortex of political ambition, than to gratify particular feelings of resentment towards an obnoxious individual. When we consider that clergymen are always supposed to be, and frequently are, more particularly conversant with the theory of morals, we cannot but believe that no injury could accrue to religion, and that some benefit might accrue to the state from the presence of a few ecclesiastics among the popular representatives. Most questions of policy are connected more or less with moral considerations, and it is the neglect of such considerations which commonly gives the birth even to the greatest errors in our policy. Why then should the house of commons shut its doors against those whose business it is to study morality in its general principles and in all its practical ramifications? ——In the house of commons, where all ranks and professions are supposed to be represented, why should the great body of the clergy alone be without any personal delegates? —Do not the clergy possess a large portion of the landed income of the country? Do they not contribute largely to the revenue of the state? Why then should they be debarred from having even a single professional representative in the house of commons? Will it be said that the clergy are represented by the bishops in the house of lords? But can the house of lords either originate or alter a money bill? Or can the *absent* morality of the bishops in the lords supply the *present* need of it in the commons? We are glad to find that a man of such sound judgment as Paley should have been an enemy to the exclusion from the house of com-

mons of clergymen who had no clerical duties to perform, or who had renounced the honours and emoluments of the church. The reformation was certainly productive of much good; but one of its concomitant evils appears to have been the total exclusion of the clergy from secular employments. At any rate we are convinced that the state would be greatly benefited by the presence of a few such men as Paley, or Parr in the house of commons.

While Dr. Paley was engaged in finishing his last and, as some think, his best work, 'Natural Theology,' his labours were frequently interrupted by a nephritic complaint which caused intervals of excruciating pain. Hence what he has said in that work of the *alleviations of pain*, considered in their moral and physical tendencies and effects, certainly derives additional importance.

'It is not a philosopher in the full enjoyment of health, who talks lightly of an evil which he may suppose at a distance. When Dr. Paley speaks of the power which pain has '*of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which few enjoyments exceed;*' and assures us '*that a man resting from severe pain, is, for the time, in possession of feelings which undisturbed health cannot impart,*' the sentiment flowed from his own feelings. He was himself that man; and it is consolatory, amidst the numerous diseases to which the human frame is liable, to find how compatible they are with a certain degree of comfort, and even enjoyment. Something may indeed be attributed, in Dr. Paley, to a vigor of intellect, which is allotted to very few; but it cannot be doubted, that resignation in suffering is less the gift of great intellectual powers, than of well regulated religious and moral sentiments.'

The following is the account which Mr. Meadley gives of the last scene of Dr. Paley's life.

'Dr. Paley still entered into the pleasures of society with his wonted zest; and his conversation was as animated and impressive as ever, when the present writer saw him, for the last time, in December 1804. His valuable life was then drawing fast towards a close; and the powers of nature, gradually exhausted by repeated sufferings, were becoming daily less able to resist the force of his inveterate disease. Yet he kept his annual residence at Lincoln in 1805, and returned to Bishop-Wearmouth about the beginning of May. Soon after his arrival there, he experienced a most violent attack, in which the usual remedies were found ineffectual. Human skill was therefore vain, his appetite failing him, he was no longer able to take the requisite support; but soon sunk under the accumulated influence of debility and disease. His sight is supposed to have failed a few days before his death, whilst his other faculties remained unimpaired.

Perhaps no man ever preserved greater self-possession and composure, during his concluding scene. The evening of his life was clouded with no displeasing recollections, no vain anxieties, no fond regrets: he had enjoyed the blessings of this world with satisfaction; and he relied for future happiness on the promises of that divine revelation, the truth of which he had so strenously laboured to evince. He consequently met the approach of death with firmness, comforted his afflicted family with the consolations of religion, and late on the evening of Saturday, May 25th, 1805, he tranquilly breathed his last.'

The following anecdote is both interesting and instructive:

'In the year 1795, during one of his visits to Cambridge, Dr. Paley, in the course of a conversation on the subject, gave the following account of the early part of his own academical life; and it is here given, on the authority and in the very words of a gentleman who was present at the time, as a striking instance of the peculiar frankness with which he was in the habit of relating the adventures of his youth.

'I spent the first two years of my undergraduateship happily but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and, rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bed-side and said——'Paley, I have been thinking what a d****'d fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead: you could do every thing, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.'"

'I was so struck'—Dr. Paley continued—'with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time it's peculiar branch of study; and just before the closing of gates (nine o'clock) I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton chop and a dose of milk punch. And thus on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior wrangler.'

It is now time to conclude this account of Dr. Paley. We are far from depreciating the talents of Mr. Meadley as a biographer. He seems to have made the most of the materials which he possessed; and to have neglected no sources of information to which he could have access. In

his opinions he does not appear to have been too much swayed by partiality for the subject of his work, but to have exhibited only that modest deference which is always due to superiority of intellectual attainments.

ART. VIII.—*Letters from Portugal and Spain; written during the March of the British Troops under Sir John Moore, with a Map of the Route, and appropriate Engravings. By an Officer.* 8vo. *pp.* 320. Longman. 1809.

WE are told in the preface, that 'these letters were written on the spot, and immediately as the events arose of which they are the subject.' The author who is an officer appears to be a man of feeling and observation. Many of his descriptions are animated and picturesque; and though he passed through the part of Portugal and Spain, which was traversed by the army of Sir John Moore, at a period of the year very unfavourable to the appearance of rural beauty, and though the rapidity of a march did not allow much time for minute examination, yet the author seems with great quickness and occasional felicity to have seized the principal features of the country which was exposed to his view, and to have rendered them very clear and perceptible to the reader of the present volume. Though the diction is often incorrect, and sometimes more embarrassed with metaphors than a correct taste will allow, yet it is often energetic and glowing. The letters have certainly the appearance of having been written while the impressions were fresh, and before the ideas and feelings of the author had been deprived of part of their vivacity by intermediate trains of thought, or by the cold touch of subsequent reflection.

The description which the author gives of Lisbon, corresponds with that of other travellers. It seems the favoured abode of filth, of idleness, and misery.

'Rags or nakedness seemed the condition of every person who approached me; except now and then, I saw a man enveloped in a mass of cloak, in no better state, hung in rented folds about him: leaving to the fancy to conceive the animated filth it concealed. In the midst of this squalid misery, the aspirings of vanity may still be seen in the immense cocked hats, which are enthusiastically prized and worn by old and young of every trade and description.—Masons, blacksmiths, muleteers, and barbers, while executing the duties of their calling, all possess this prodigious covering placed square to the front on their respective heads.'

A nocturnal custom which is said to have been once very prevalent in Edinburgh, is universally practised in Lisbon; and the usage seems to have derived such a *venerable* sanction from *antiquity*, that it could not be suppressed even by the despotic mandates of the French. Thus the despotism of custom seems to be more gaunt and robust than any other species of despotism.

'When Junot was taking leave of the owner of the house in which he had been quartered, "Sir (said he to him,) I shall return hither in the course of a few months; and as this house is my property, I request you will look out for another against my arrival." Such was the sentiment, coolness of acting, and common conduct of all the French, from the commander-in chief down to the humblest follower of the army.'

The author did not leave Lisbon till after the departure of the army for Spain. He and his companions, who were ten in all, proposed to rejoin the main body of the army at Salamanca. They 'had nothing to do with public accommodations; but, on entering a town or village received from the magistrates billets on the best and richest inhabitants;' and though they sometimes experienced instances of inhospitable rudeness, it does not appear but that in their route to Salamanca they were in general treated with as much civility and kindness as the circumstances of the country would admit.

The author entered Spain at Alcantara over the famous bridge which Trajan erected across the Tagus. Neither the governor nor the inhabitants seemed to evince any interest in the cause, which the English had come to defend. But the author discerned in the countenance of the Spaniards, traits of character superior to that of the Portugueze. The author and his party experienced a more hospitable reception at the little village of Ceclavin than they did within the ancient walls of Alcantara.

'We were kindly received by the chief man of the town. He was married, and to the honour of his fair dame, his habitation possessed an air of greater regularity and comfort than we had seen in any house since our march. Soon after our arrival an excellent dinner was set on the table, at which both the lady and her spouse presided; partaking of its good things with more than common *union*, as they both eat off the same plate and drank out of the same cup.

'After a desert of grapes well preserved, and most hospitable bliations of their juice, we were invited into the outer room, which was a kind of hall. There we found the whole village assembled

and seated around, while a capacious pan of charcoal glowed in the midst of a circle of mats, so placed for the host and his friends. Fiddles, guitars, &c. finished the apparatus for the pleasures of the evening. The young ladies were dressed in their gala habits, and the men in their gayest attire.'

'This little village, I am told, is peopled with a horde of smugglers. And accordingly more contraband articles find their way in and out of its walls than pass through any other town in Spain. This sort of occult traffic is particularly lively between them and the English of the same commercial principles; and so for that reason perhaps this fête was given to us in honour of our British smugglers.

'These gay villagers exhibited every appearance of comfort both in their habitations and themselves. Neither rags nor wretchedness were to be encountered here. All the rotundity of content, with the bloom of hilarity, marked not only the visages of the women, but of the men also.'

'The groupes of women, whom we often pass at the fountains in this country, are beautifully interesting; their figures, dress, and dexterity in carrying water, are peculiar to themselves. The earthen vessel which contains it is of a simple form: and when placed upon the head, is in complete unison with their costume, and composes a picture worthy of the most tasteful pencil; reminding you of the celebrated work by Raphael, of the girl bearing the water vessel.

'The Spanish nymphs seldom apply their hands to poize it, and will walk over the roughest ground without losing the balance.'

At the ancient city of Placentia, which is situated in a beautiful valley, richly adorned with vines, olives, and cypress trees, and watered by the meandering Xerte, the small party were gladly received and hospitably entertained by the numerous ecclesiastics of the place. At the monastery of the Dominicans they all drunk and swore eternal amity with the holy brotherhood. In this city, which is so plentifully supplied with ghostly fathers, the author was, in no small degree, surprised by the sight of a *foundling hospital* of considerable extent.

At Fuenta Olio the author and his friends were greeted with enthusiastic hospitality by the good pastor of the place. A jolly friar, who was on a visit to the priest, amused the company with dancing the bullero 'with great execution and gesture, tucking up his saintly drapery around his waist, and displaying a pair of strong limbs in leather breeches, which he used with much motion and agility.'

In Letter XII. we have a description of Salamanca, which

with the exception of the cathedral, seems to contain little to interest the traveller. The city is situated in an extensive plain without trees; and the character of the inhabitants does not appear much superior to the insipidity of the landscape.

We have little doubt of the justice of the following observations respecting the CENTRAL JUNTA, whose want of heroic energy in not taking more effectual measures to diffuse the spirit of liberty among the people, and whose want of wisdom or of patriotism in not immediately assembling the CORTES have gone very far towards blasting the once fair hopes which were entertained of rescuing Spain from the gripe of France.

'I am certain,' says the author, 'from what I see of the people, and hear of their directors, that nothing honourable to the country will be done while a central junta exists. There appear to be as many interests in that large body as there are members:—hence no chief military command is likely to be appointed. All are on the gape in expectation of its acts; and expecting that every thing is to be effected by the wisdom of the junta, individuals forget the vigour that lies in every single arm; they forget that in these cases the voice of the people is the voice of God; that an armed nation rushing at once upon their oppressors, carry with them the sword of Omnipotence.

'The provincial juntas, following the example of the central, attend to their own petty emulations, instead of sacrificing all to the generous ambition of freeing their country; while they wait to gain particular points, the end of their meeting is forgotten; the patriotic ardour of the lower classes is wasted in vain declamation; no troops are organized; and the field is left open for the enemy whenever he chooses to come; and, like Cromwell, with one stroke of his mace break up their ruinous cabals.'

The following description of the English army leaving Salamanca, is lively and picturesque.

'The passing waggons groaning under the weight of ammunition, the trains of artillery, and the well-appointed columns, accompanied by hundreds of mules; the continued hum of the mingled voices of thousands seemed to people the air; and the more distant part of the country filled with myriads of living creatures moving over the far-stretching plain; the soldiers' bayonets glittering in the rising rays of the sun; the proud prance of cavalry; bat-men and servants leading spare horses; and groups of women and children mounted on asses; with hordes of followers of all descriptions, driving heavy laden mules hung with bags, trunks, and portmanteaus; formed, altogether, a scene of animation, and of military

array that enchanted the soul, and seemed to promise a happy rencontre with our enemies.'

The hope of this *happy rencontre*, alas! vanished when the British troops reached Sahagun, where they received orders to retreat. This retreat was indeed rather a disgraceful and disorderly flight, which was relieved only by a few traits of gallantry while the British turned round like the chafed lion, upon their pursuers, and by the heroic stand which was made against the French by the remnant of the army which had the good fortune to reach Corunna.

Great and complicated sufferings were endured in this precipitate flight; the following may serve as a specimen of the general mass.

'At Benevente an order had been issued to assure the army that Corunna was not the object of our falling back; but that our march was only to secure a more favourable position. No asseverations could make the soldiery believe this: it was too evident by all our movements that Corunna was our destination; that it was an absolute retreat! and the wide disappointments they had met, drove them to despair. Worn out with fatigue and *hope delayed*, they no longer seemed to value life, nor any of its regulations; sufficient for them was it to snatch the hasty morsel of the day; for the next morning might see each individual on the causeway a breathless corse.

'Every object which presented itself on the roads and in the villages were so many proofs of the terrors of war, and of the devastation that surrounded us. Famishing peasantry fled by us with gaunt and horrid looks; while, as we marched along we passed their kindred of all ages, dying and dead, without power to relieve them, or to rescue our own followers from a similar fate. But it was not enough that our track should be strewed with the expiring bodies of our fellow-creatures: the poor animals who had supported our way-worn frames, who had dragged our baggage from steep to steep, fell exhausted on the earth, and in countless numbers heaped the sides of the road. In short, not a day, not an hour passed without adding some new calamity to our distress and wretchedness.

'The army in no respect seemed the remains of the same we had brought from Portugal. Its appearance, its discipline, were gone. You could not suppose that the officers it was before so ready to obey, commanded it now; all deference to their orders was lost; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could deter the men from not only pillaging, but committing every excess which is hardly excusable in an enemy. Even with all our exertions, we saw villages and houses burning in all directions; some put in that condition by negligence, but many, I must say, by the wantonness of our refractory men. The poor cottagers were plundered; and multitudes of homeless destitute people were continually hastening

to theofficers as they came up, imploring them for a redress which was out of their power to bestow. Alas! our pity and regret were all we had to offer; and they retired in an anguish, the recollection of which even now wrings my soul.'

'The field of battle is a festival of honour; a sublime pageant. But this is war! Here are the *red dragons yoked to her fiery car!* Here are her sufferings, her woes, her wide destructions. Every yard we passed over was marked with some heart-rending proof of our miseries. Ah, little need would the French have to seek our line of march! It might be traced for many a league by our over-turned baggage, by our maimed cattle, by our dying and dead.

'When we had nearly gained the highest point of these slippery precipices, I looked round, and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road; I saw their way marked by the wretched people who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold. As their bodies reddened in spots the white surface of the ground, I could not but think on the lines of Hohenlinden:

> Ah, few shall part where many meet!
> The snow shall be their winding sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

But not so; where they fell they lay. No turf covered them from the beating elements; and as a sad memorial of our betrayed cause their bones lie on the mountains of Spain, an everlasting reproach to her ungrateful sons.

'I observed amongst the unfortunates a Portuguese bullock-driver. He was on his knees amidst the snow, with his hands clasped, breathing forth a prayer for his soul. This poor fellow had attended us from the first day of our march, and, thus faithful to our service, expired. I was a very few paces from him when his last groan pierced my ears. Near him lay a woman, half enveloped in a blanket, the wife of a soldier; she was also cold in death. A little infant, yet living, was hanging at the breast of its inanimate mother, vainly endeavouring to find that warmth and nourishment which fate had for ever withdrawn.'

ART. IX.—*An Enquiry into the Laws of different Epidemic Diseases, with the View to determine the Means of preserving Individuals and Communities from each, and also to ascertain the Probability of exterminating the Small Pox. By Joseph Adams, M.D. F.L.S. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, in London, Physician to the Small Pox Hospital, and New Finsbury Dispensary.* 8vo. 5s. 6d. Johnson, &c. 1809.

THERE are few things more undetermined than the laws

of contagion, yet scarcely any can be more important. For want of an accurate knowledge of these subjects individuals are sometimes exposed to unnecessary danger, and at other times, the unfortunate sick are almost deserted though they might be attended with security. We cannot, therefore, but regard any *enquiry into the laws of epidemics* as deserving all the attention which a journal intended, like ours, for general circulation, can afford it.

In an introductory chapter the ingenious and philanthropic author remarks that when writers talk of the possibility of exterminating small pox, and illustrate their doctrine by the supposed extermination of leprosy and the plague, nothing can be more laudable than the object in view, but at the same time nothing can be more dangerous than an erroneous method of pursuit.

The attention of the reader is first called to a distinction between endemic, and epidemic diseases. Endemic diseases are confined to certain places, or certain descriptions of people in those places. They do not only occasionally appear, but are permanent; they are also not acute, but chronic. Hence they are always to be seen, but are formidable only to the few who become the subjects of them. Of this kind the most remarkable are elephantiasis, goitre, and also the Barbadoes or Cochin leg which is often confounded with elephantiasis, though a totally different disease. Both elephantiasis and the Barbadoes leg are the offspring of a tropical climate, but goitre is most common in mountainous countries. All are confined to a comparatively small number of the inhabitants; and none of them are contagious.

Epidemics on the contrary are never stationary. Though some of them may constantly exist at certain places yet they are not called epidemic till so great a number of the inhabitants of a district are seized as to excite a general alarm. Of this kind are the plague, the yellow fever, and the ague. The small pox, measles, and scarlet fever are also said to be epidemic when they exhibit more violence than usual, and when few, who are liable to them, escape. But, though all these diseases may thus be termed epidemics, it is a matter of great importance to determine whether they are all contagious.

Dr. Adams proceeds to define what constitutes a contagion, viz. a disease, the person afflicted with which, or the matter produced by which may affect others, who may in their turn affect others without any regard to the climate or state of the air in which such communication may take place. In all these instances it is generally admitted that

small pox, measles, and scarlet fever are contagious; nor are we acquainted with any certain means of escaping either of these dreadful maladies; but can this be said of the plague, the yellow fever, or the ague? The plague has been introduced without any more certain communication with diseased subjects than what constantly exists: it always commences at a certain period of the year and ceases on the setting in of winter. It is also confined to certain climates, and is said to be unknown between the tropics, or under tropical heat, even in those climates which seem most frequently subject to the visitation. Yellow fever is also a disease of a certain season of the year, and is known only in tropical climates or in those countries, whose summer temperature sometimes preserves for several days the fervor of the tropics. Those, who are afflicted either with plague, or yellow fever, migrate to healthy countries, and die or recover without communicating the distemper. In America, where the disease is thought to be derived from the West Indies, quarantine is required only during the summer heats. Thus the danger of contagion is estimated not by the existence of the disease at its supposed source; but, by the state of the air in the country which is supposed to be in danger of contamination. In England we subject American vessels to quarantine when the yellow fever prevails in that country; but never require quarantine of West India vessels, though they arrive immediately from the source of the supposed contagion.

From these premises the author concludes that the cessation of plague amongst us is not to be ascribed to any other causes than an increased cleanliness and an improved mode of living, joined perhaps to the absence of a certain constitution of the air. But no increased cleanliness, no improved modes of living are any security against the small pox. Of this our ancestors had that practical knowledge that whilst they made every attempt at preventing the admission of the plague, and constantly deserted the town when it appeared, yet the small pox was considered as an inevitable calamity. This opinion was not confined to the unlearned, but adopted by the physicians themselves, and was so universal as to render inoculation instantly popular among the best informed. Many proofs are produced to show that the general purity of the air which is the means of preventing the extension of plague and some other fevers, has proved the means of rendering small pox more certainly epidemic.

Hence the author argues that the contagion of plague and yellow fever is by no means ascertained; that, if it

really exists, it is not similar in its laws to the contagion of small pox: and consequently that our means of avoiding each should be different.

Dr. Adams is next particularly minute on what is usually called typhus-fever, but to which he prefers giving a name more descriptive of its source, viz. the gaol, camp, poor-house or ship fever. This he admits to be excited by what he calls an infectious atmosphere, but denies that the disease is contagious in the same sense as the small pox, that is, that a person infected by it, and conveyed to a pure air will prove infectious to others, who will themselves be capable of spreading the distemper. This he illustrates by the well known histories of what are called the black assizes. In all these cases he thinks that the court was certainly infected by the foul air of the prison. But it is not less certain that, though so many of them died in their own families, they infected none who attended or visited them. This is strenuously urged to be very different from the manner in which small pox, measles and scarlet fever are known to be diffused.

After endeavouring to ascertain as far as possible the different modes in which these different epidemics are communicated, the next object is to consider how they are to be avoided. The author offers much encouragement in this part of his subject, showing us that considerable progress has already been made towards this desirable object. Jail fever he observes is now rarely seen. Among the poor the improvement of wages, since the great scarcity of the year 1800, has occasioned an improved mode of living, so that this fever has been little known in London since that period, and in the manufacturing towns only in times of distress from a failure of employment. The inference is that to complete so great an object, nothing more is necessary than to improve the circumstances, and with that, the moral habits of the poor. On the means of doing this we have some judicious, and practical observations.

To render the work better suited for general perusal all technical expressions are avoided, the controversial part is thrown into notes at the end of the book; and an appendix follows, which embraces three distinct subjects of consideration. The author first endeavours to show that small pox has not increased its number of victims since the introduction of inoculation; and though vaccination has done much towards a further diminution of that number yet that is only by lessening the number of those who are susceptible of the disease. The author is of opinion that whilst the present burying-grounds, lodging-houses and old clothes-shops

remain, the disease may be, at any time, revived; and, when revived, that it will be impossible to ascertain by what means it may be diffused. Thus whilst every credit is given to vaccination, Dr. Adams wishes us to recollect that it can do nothing towards exterminating small pox, which can be kept under only by constant inoculation or vaccination. To this paper the author has subjoined his correspondence on the subject with the college of physicians. The next division of the appendix is a plan for more correct bills of mortality throughout the metropolis; and afterwards generally throughout the empire.

Lastly, we have a plan for a general benefit club, unconnected with those which are already established.

Of the present work we have given the substance without discussing the merits of the theory; but whatever may be its excellence, or its defects, we are convinced that no man can well peruse this treatise of Dr. Adams without being convinced that it is the product of an inquisitive and benevolent mind, impelled at once by the love of truth, and by a desire to promote the happiness of mankind.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*Zeal without Bigotry: or an Antidote to the Aspersions of the Author of 'Zeal without Innovation.'* pp. 88. 2*s.* 6*d.* Williams *and* Smith. 1809.

THIS pamphlet is divided into five sections. In § 1, the author argues that the paucity of attendants on the *established worship* is no proof that public worship is in general neglected. In § 2, he makes some reflections on the 'increase of separatism,' which he appears to impute to the incongruity between the preaching of the clergy and the letter of the articles.—But we would ask, do separatists increase in proportion as the clergy become more rational? Is the public worship more thinly attended in proportion as the officiating minister is more intimately versed in the language and meaning of the scriptures, and possesses a more enlightened mind?—If this were the case it would argue very little in favour of the *separatists*, for it would prove that they prefer folly to sound sense, and an il-

literate jargon to Biblical erudition. We, however, entirely agree with this author in some of his remarks, though we may differ from him in others. We are well aware that salvation is not confined to the pale of any particular church, and that Christianity itself requires no political props. 'All that Christianity,' says this writer, 'requires of the civil magistrate is—to let it alone.' The author has made some good remarks on toleration in § 3. Toleration ought not to be solicited as an *indulgence*. It is a right to which all religionists have an equal claim; and no government can withhold the exercise without a breach of duty. The very term *toleration* ought perhaps to be erased from our vocabulary; as it seems to imply that governments may make an arbitrary election either of *toleration* or *intolerance*. § 4, is on lay-preaching; in which the author asserts that 'the terms *clergy* and *laity* are entirely of *popish* origin;' and that 'Christianity knows of no such chartered distinctions.' The author entitles § 5 'an apology for the Puritans, &c.' Here he is not inaccurate in defining schism to be an exclusion of that spirit of brotherly love which is the grand characteristic of Christianity.

ART. 11.—*Two Discourses on the Origin of Evil: founded on the History of Cain and Abel, and on the Reply of Jesus Christ, relative to the Man born blind. By J. Drummond. pp.* 37. 1*s.* 6*d.* Johnson. 1809.

THE sensible author of these well written discourses does not profess to throw any new light on this obscure subject, nor to unravel any part of the intricate web in which it has been involved by metaphysicians and divines.—His only design is to illustrate those conclusions on the subject, which the scripture authorises us to make. This he has done in two sermons; the first of which is on Gen. iv. 8; and the second on John ix. 1, and 2. In the first the author argues from the history of Cain and Abel, that our inclinations to evil do not originate from any defect in the constitution of our nature, but from the neglect of our reason and our conscience; and that the crimes of men are the product of those passions which are good in themselves, but are rendered evil by being liberated from those wholesome restraints to which our own peace, and that of society require that they should be subjected. In the second sermon the author infers from the words of Jesus, respecting the man who was born blind, that various afflictions are permitted for wise and good, but inscrutable ends; that the affections and passions of mankind, and the possibility of abusing them are necessary constituents in a probationary scheme; and proper to demonstrate the degree of our attachment to virtue and to truth.

POLITICS.

ART. 12.—*An Account of the Central or Supreme Junta of Spain, its chief Members, and most important Proceedings. pp.* 21. Ridgeway. 1809.

THE central or supreme junta of Spain is composed of deputies

from the various provincial juntas. They met at Aranjuez on the 19th of September, 1808. As they consist of thirty-six members, the author remarks with truth, that the number is too small for a popular assembly, and yet much too large for the executive government of the country. This junta itself appears, with two or three splendid exceptions, to have been composed of men destitute both of experience and capacity, and totally unfit for the government of a nation at any time, and much less in a period of so much perplexity and danger.—Their *measures* are the best proof of their general unfitness for the station which they fill. For, since their installation in office they have not held forth a single lure to the people to induce them to engage in a desperate and enthusiastic warfare against the French. They have issued a few specious and pompous state-papers; but we cannot recall any one *act* which indicates liberal sentiments, zealous patriotism, or enlarged views.—The junta named the old Count Florida Bianca their president for six months; but age which had impaired his understanding had not lessened his ancient prejudices, nor his attachment to the forms of arbitrary sway.

'He was not only unfit,' says the author, 'for the management of a machine, so totally dissimilar from that which he had once been accustomed to wield; but, inured by system and habit to the substance as well as forms of arbitrary monarchy, he was on every occasion as fearful of the people whom he governed, as of the enemy against whom he hoped to direct their exertions. Extremely jealous of his personal dignity and authority, he clung to the heterogeneous form of government from which he had derived it; and his prejudices, his impatience of contradiction, and his art in checking questions which he could not meet, may be considered as the chief causes of the long neglect of those measures, which it was the first duty of the central junta to have adopted.'

Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos proposed to convoke the Cortes of the kingdom; but this motion was deemed so alarming that an attempt was made to stifle its publicity.—The subject has, indeed, been since resumed, and the proposition carried in the affirmative; but we have not learned that any time has been actually fixed for the meeting of the national representatives.—The late news from Spain has been more favourable than usual; and the victory of Sir Arthur Wellesley may, *perhaps*, have the effect of increasing the efforts of the Spaniards to deliver their country from the invasion of the French. But in order to assist in increasing this generous impulse, the Junta must themselves evince a greater regard for the principles of liberty than they have hitherto done; and must convince the people that they are likely to enjoy a greater degree of freedom and of happiness under their sway than under that of Joseph Buonaparte.

ART. 18.—*Observations on the Movements of the British Army in Spain: in reply to the Statement lately published by Brigadier-General Henry Clinton. By a British Officer. Second Edition.* pp. 40. Murray. 1809.

THE writer of this pamphlet makes some very pointed remarks on the conduct of the British army in Spain in the period which elapsed between the beginning of December 1808, and the middle of January 1809. We shall compress into as small a space as we can the substance of his observations, without hazarding any opinion upon the subject in dispute between General Clinton and the author. —First, the author thinks that neither the junction of the corps under General Hope, nor of that under Sir David Baird was ever seriously threatened by the enemy; and that the British army did not much attract the attention of the French till Sir John made a movement to attack a 'French corps under Marshal Soult at Saldanha.' The author appears to be of opinion that after the defeat of the patriots in Biscay, at Burgos, and on the Ebro, it was unwise to engage in offensive operations; and that Sir John Moore ought to have adopted the measure of defensive war, and have retired to the southern part of the peninsula, and that Sir David Baird should either have fallen back upon Corunna, or have prosecuted 'an intelligent system of defensive warfare in the mountains of Gallicia.' But the author intimates that the operations of the army, instead of being conducted according to any fixed plan, fluctuated in hesitation and uncertainty, the sport of fortune and of accident. After passing Astorga the author says, that the grand communication to Corunna, which is formed along the sides or over the summits of mountains, and is intersected by torrents and ravines, over which solid bridges of masonry had been thrown, offered difficult passes and strong positions in almost every step of the way. The author says that the British army were never under the necessity of presenting a large front to the enemy; and that the superior numbers of the French cavalry were rendered almost useless by the nature of the country. The author thinks that the retreat was more rapid and precipitate than the circumstances would justify; and that hence the army experienced numerous sufferings which might have been avoided.—The author says, that the retreat was not necessitated by want of supplies, as the immense force of the enemy found ample means of subsistence. They did not, says he, halt on that account; 'they were always at our heels.' The author thinks that the British commander did not avail himself so much as he might have done of the natural advantages of the country; and that though the defence of Gallicia was abandoned, more judicious arrangements might have been made. The author denies that, if proper measures of precaution had been taken, the French could have marched in that difficult country, and at that season of the year, on either of the flanks of the British army, and thus have penetrated between the British and the sea. The author accounts for the halt of the army at Lugo to a change in the councils of the commander in chief, who had resolved to wait for the return of the artillery which he had at first se-

parated from the main body of infantry, but which he suddenly, and as the author thinks most fortunately recalled.

ART. 14.—*A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir David Dundas, K. B. Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's Forces. By Robert Jackson, M.D. Late Physician to the Forces, and Head of the Hospital at the Army Depôt. pp. 86. 1809.*

IT is extremely unpleasant to us to have to notice disputes, which though, in some measure, connected with subjects of general concern, are yet mingled, more or less, with the heat of personal animosity. We are very unwilling to take any part in the contentions of individuals; and we well know how apt every person is to represent his own case in the best light, and that of his antagonist in the worst. Dr. Jackson in this letter complains of having been unjustly accused, and wilfully calumniated by the physician and the surgeon-general of the army.—It appears from Dr. Jacksons statement that he was in November 1800, appointed physician to the forces, and head of the hospital at the army depôt. In the discharge of this important office he introduced some economical reforms which were approved by Major General Hewett, the commandant of the depôt; and even by Mr. Keate the surgeon, a member of the medical board, when he made a visit to Chatham. But these new and more economical arrangements of Dr. Jackson, which promised a considerable saving in the management of the public hospitals, seem to have formed the original groundwork of that hostility, of which he afterwards became the object. At the commencement of the present war Dr. Jackson was appointed inspector general of the hospitals of the army of reserve; but Sir Lucas Pepys, and Mr. Keate are said to have preferred a petition against this appointment, on account of some reflections on their official management, in his 'Remarks on the Constitution of the Medical Departments.' The commander in chief accordingly suspended the appointment of Dr. Jackson 'until he should substantiate the charges against his superior officers,' which he says that he has been always ready to do before any authorized tribunal, but has never enjoyed the opportunity. In the autumn of last year Dr. Jackson offered his services to be employed in Spain; but strong objections were again adduced by Sir Lucas Pepys and Mr. Keate against his employment in the medical department of the army.—Dr. Jackson thinks that he can invalidate their objections, and is anxious for a trial, in which the parties may be confronted, and he may be either acquitted or condemned. This is the substance of his letter compendiously expressed.

ART. 15.—*A Summary of the Laws of Commerce and Navigation, adapted to the present State, Government, and Trade of the Island of Newfoundland. By the Rev. Lewis Amadeus Anspach. Recommended for Publication, by Vice-Admiral J. Holloway, Governor and Commander in Chief of Newfoundland and its Dependencies. pp. 140.* Heney *and* Haddon. 1809.

THE author says that he was induced to offer this work to the pub-

lic by the wishes of the principal mercantile houses in Newfoundland, who must be presumed to be the best judges of its utility.

Art. 16.—*An impartial Examination of Sir Francis Burdett's Plan of Parliamentary Reform. pp.* 49. Bone *and* Hone. 1809.

THIS author has very perspicuously stated his reasons for supporting the plan of parliamentary reform, which was proposed by Sir Francis Burdett. We shall not, at present, offer any opinion of our own on the subject; as we have not space for the ample discussion which it would require. And as the subject itself is likely to be repeatedly brought before us in the political productions of the press, we are the more inclined to be silent till we have given it more mature consideration, and weighed the arguments on both sides in an impartial scale.—The following short specimen of this pamphlet will be sufficient to prove that the author is at least not deficient in ability.—He is arguing that a reform in the representation would add to the authority and dignity of the sovereign; and he says:

'The influence of a prince is of two kinds; the first is exerted in his own dominions, the second in the affairs of foreign states. Now these are frequently found incompatible with, and destructive to each other. The influence which a prince exerts in the affairs of foreign states depends on the genius and spirit of his immediate subjects; and this genius and spirit can be kept up, and increased, only by the enjoyment of civil liberty. Hence every undue stretch of authority which a prince is guilty of at home, has a tendency to diminish his importance abroad; and every immunity he grants to his people, elevates him among his brother potentates. Striking illustrations of this doctrine occur in the English annals. When Charles and James II. established arbitrary power, they fell from their proper rank in Europe, and became the servile pensioners of France; but when William III. and his immediate successor governed with an authority not incompatible with the rights of the subject, the genius of England burst forth with transcendant glory, and gave them the lead in Europe.'

Even those, who are enemies to this particular plan of parliamentary reform, will not perhaps deny the justness of the author's remarks on that portion of the royal authority, which arises out of the exertion of corrupt influence:

'It holds out,' says the writer, 'a perpetual temptation to speak and to act, not in conformity to our own sentiments, but according to the inclinations of those who distribute the emoluments of office. It is hostile to those habits of sincerity on which confidence, ardour, and justness of understanding are found to depend; it diffuses through the land the base and debilitating arts of servility and decep-

tion. Nor is this all. The very existence of integrity is discredited. The people see their superiors selling seats in the house of commons to the minister of the day, and a little afterwards, hear them making, within the walls of that house, vehement displays of their solicitude for the welfare of their country. Hence patriotism is considered as a cheat; dishonesty and imposture spread their contagion throughout the whole mass of our population; and, sunk in a moral disease, the nerve of virtue becomes relaxed, the energies of public spirit forsake us.'

ART. 17.—*Another Guess at Junius, and a Dialogue, pp.* 106. Hookham. 1809.

THE Letters of Junius have been at different times and by different persons ascribed to Edmund Burke, to William Gerard Hamilton, to Lord George Sackville, to Mr. Dunning, to John Horne Tooke, to the Rev. J. Rosenhagen, to John Roberts, Esq. to Mr. Charles Lloyd, to Mr. John Kent, to Mr. Lauchlan Maclane, to Mr. John Dyer, to General Lee, to Lord Shelburne, and to the combined efforts of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Gratton. The diversity of ascriptions, each of which has had its zealous partizans, shows that rash conjecture and evanescent probabilities have been adduced in place of proof: and that the real author is still unknown. The writer of the present pamphlet, after denying or invalidating the claims of all other pretenders, starts a new hypothesis which he endeavours to support with all the zeal which the sensation of novelty or the ardour of victory inspires. Lord Chatham is the person round whose brow he endeavours to bind those laurels which public opinion seems to think due to the authorship of Junius. But the supposition of the present writer does not appear to rest on a more solid foundation than any of the preceding. In the first place the internal evidence alone would be sufficient to satisfy us, as we think that it will any one, who will compare the letters of Junius with those which lord Chatham addressed to his nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq. afterwards lord Camelford. It may be said that the letters of lord C. to his nephew were only rapid unpremeditated effusions; and that the former were studied and elaborate compositions. But the truth is that the Letters of Junius are not only superior to those of lord Chatham, in elegance, in animation, and in harmony of style, but the turn of thought marks a mind of a different, if not of a higher class.

Lord Chatham was haughty and irascible, but he had none of that bitterness and malevolence, which are very perceptible in the Letters of Junius. Lord Chatham, besides, though he could speak well in the ardour and conflict of debate, and though his invective was then often highly caustic and severe, yet his diction became flat and insipid when the stimulus was withdrawn. Lord Chatham, like Mr. Fox, could speak better than he could write, but he could speak best while he was most buffeted, as it were, by the waves of senatorial contention; One of the qualities in which Junius greatly excels is what may be termed ironical sneer, which at times is so

potent as absolutely to lacerate, while it archly seems to panegyrise the object of his resentment. But though lord Chatham, like Demosthenes, excelled in expressing the strong feeling of indignation, yet he did it rather in open than in covert terms. His invective was impetuously vehement, but it was the assault of a generous enemy not the dark stroke of an assassin. Wit was not one of the resplendent qualities of Lord Chatham, nor did he possess that refined raillery which Junius often displays, and with the delicate display of which, as well as with his exquisitely torturing irony, he often excites the astonishment and admiration of his readers.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Nubilia in search of a Husband: including Sketches of modern Society, and interspersed with moral and literary Disquisitions.* pp. 456. 9s. Ridgway; *and* Sherwood, Neely *and* Jones, London 1809.

THE novel of Cœlebs has experienced such a rapid and extensive sale that numerous authors seem to have been seized with a desire, if not to rival the fame, at least to partake of the emoluments. In the present imitation, which the author represents as a very hasty performance, the parturition of less than one month, there are some few sensible observations, but there is not sufficient interest to reward the perusal of the whole. The following sentiments which the author puts into the mouth of Miss Nubilia, after the interment of her father, are very affected and unnatural. '*I am fond*,' says she, (P. 164.) '*of these ceremonies*. The melancholy tolling of a bell would draw me aside more than all the gay triflings of music. I love to follow a funeral, and pause at every step, and lay each accent that it speaks close upon my heart. *I love to hold some mouldering bone within my hand, and knit it with his brethren, and dress them up in fancy with mortal perishable beauty*; to invest the loathsome ruin with grace and charms; to give it dignity, and excellence and love.'

ART. 19.—*The Travels of Humanius in search of the Temple of Happiness; an Allegory. By William Lucas.* 12mo. pp. 260. Sherwood. 1809.

THIS allegory is conceived with spirit and preserved with consistency. The variety is greater, the transitions quicker, and the manner less declamatory than in the Rasselas of Johnson, though it cannot boast the splendour of diction and harmony of period which distinguish that performance; but the impression which it leaves on the mind, like the story of Rasselas, is tinted with sombre hues. After a multiplicity of illusions, such as most of us fondly cherish, and after a long succession of disappointments, such as too many of us fatally experience, Humanius finds that he has been only cheated and bewildered in the pursuit of happiness. He becomes finally convinced that it is vain to think to attain here any unclouded serenity or permanent stability of bliss, but that it is right to look for it beyond the grave, and that truth and virtue, while they will always pro-

cure some portion of terrestrial enjoyment, are the best conductors to felicity in a more elevated sphere of intellectual existence. The young, the visionary and presumptuous, those who are apt to cherish airy dreams of ideal bliss, who imagine that sensuality, that wealth or fame can content the longing soul, may be greatly benefited by these Travels of Humanius. They are a performance to which we should have devoted a much larger space in our review, if we had not been unwilling, by numerous extracts to forestall the pleasure and instruction which the reader of the book itself will find it calculated to convey.

ART. 20.—*William Tell; or Switzerland delivered; by the Chevalier de Florian, Member of the Royal Academies of Paris, Madrid, Florence, &c. &c. A posthumous Work. To which is prefixed the Life of the Author. By Sauffret. Translated from the French by William B. Hewetson, Author of 'the Blind Boy,' &c.* 12*mo. pp.* 115. 5*s.* Sherwood. 1809.

THIS posthumous work of Florian will not make any deduction from his well-earned celebrity. It is a very animated and interesting tale, which evinces that sensibility to the beauties of nature, that love of simplicity and that passion for liberty which characterised the author. There are some passages in the translation which are rather carelessly executed. The writer too often places his adjectives after his substantives in cases which do not, according to the English idiom, admit of such a collocation. Thus, p. 2. 'thy garlands would but ill become his countenance *intrepid*;' p. 3. 'scatter in the paths that he has trodden the flowers *wild* of eglantine;' p. 5. 'water the extensive pastures covered with flocks and herds *immense*.' P. 10, the translator, says, 'the *source* filtering through the rock;' we suppose that he means *spring*. P. 13, the translator tells us that William Tell and his Emma 'only parted for a few hours to meet again with increase of *rapture*; their pleasures were *tranquil*, their love without the *violence* of momentary passion, which ere long *dwindles* into disgust or hatred.' The want of a minute attention to those niceties of diction, without which it is impossible to write or to translate well, has here caused considerable incongruity. In the first place *rapture* is incompatible with *tranquil* enjoyment. *Rapture* denotes the turbulent effervescence of pleasurable feeling, and cannot coexist with those serene and gentle sensations of bliss, which '*tranquil pleasures*,' suppose. In the next place the writer is not correct in saying that 'their *love*, &c.' '*dwindles* into disgust or *hatred*.' Great may indeed dwindle into little; but the diminution of magnitude does not suppose an alteration of substance, nor a total change of quality. *Great love* may be said to *dwindle into less*, but it cannot properly be said to *dwindle into hate*. A strong passion cannot dwindle into its opposite, though it may be converted into its opposite.

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Ronald, a legendary Tale, with other Poems. pp.* 106. Hookham. 1809.

THE author of Ronald does not aspire to the higher flights of poetry; but he appears to possess an elegant and cultivated mind; though his volume is interspersed with many flat passages and his readers will probably think that,

Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.

ART. 22.—*The Lash; a Satire without Notes. pp.* 48. Bone. 1809.

THIS is a spirited production though with several languid and vapid lines. The invective is strong but it is too general, and indiscriminate, and is not sufficiently blended with those fine moral sentiments which make their way to every bosom, and constitute one of the charms of Juvenal.

The following is a specimen of the author's manner in which he *lashes* the corruption of the age. The author having said that his friends from regard for his personal safety, wished him to choose the path rather of panegyric than of satire says,

> 'Peace to their fears! what servile tie shall bind
> The genuine ardor of the freeborn mind,
> That looks resentful on a venal state,
> With incense scorning to besiege the great;
> Rous'd at a nation's wrongs maintains her trust,
> And dares, tho' spurn'd by pride and pow'r, be just!
> As heav'n, physicians for the health, decrees,
> So heav'n makes poets for the mind's disease;
> Bids them to deeds of patriot worth aspire,
> Their hearts with virtue fills—their souls with fire;
> Bids them indignant view the slightest crimes,
> And rise triumphant in the worst of times;
> Shews where guilt, lurking, lies conceal'd from sight,
> And bids them drag the caitiff to the light;
> Exulting mark each gilded slave their prey
> And arm'd with satire boldly cut their way!
> And shall the muse, to whom such pow'rs are giv'n
> Desert the sacred task impos'd by heav'n?
> Shall she be mute, whose language oft prevails,
> When justice, law, and ev'n the gospel fails?
> Shall she, regardless, the foul monster spare?
> No, she shall seek her in St. James's air!
> Where, from her throne, Corruption sells her smiles,
> The Scylla and Charybdis of our isles.
> No lurking Goodwins threaten here, tis true,
> But rocks more secret, and more fatal too.

To her curst form the bravest bend the knee,
And honor's shipwreck'd ere he puts to sea;
Whole crowds of vot'ries at her levee wait,
Agents of death, with ministers of state.
Here nursling heroes mingle with divines,
Who dig the scriptures, with, who dig the mines;
By thousand avenues approach the throne,
Where sits the Sorceress with her darling son,
Receiving cautious suppliants in the dark,
Led in, and introduc'd by Mistress Clarke!
All sums as presents to her shrine they bring,
From whence all sorts of places instant spring;
Here tiny bribes of tiny scoundrels heap,
With droits of Admiralty six feet deep.
There, Merit, urging his strong claim appears,
A hardy Vet'ran full of wounds and years;
Tells, how by honor fir'd, by valor led,
He fought at Dunkirk, and at Helder bled;
'Put up thine arm, friend, and depart this place,
'Seek not reward, for thine's a hopeless case;
'Thy name shall ne'er with Fortune's minions join,
'Thou shew'st thy wounds, but never shew'st thy coin.
'Put up thine arm—to pain and sorrow go,
'—Thy wounds thou shew'st, but, coin—thou can'st not shew!'
But death to think! is this true valour's meed?
—O! Britain, Britain, thou art sunk indeed!
Ye winds, that once from ev'ry quarter came,
To waft the greatness of the British name;
Bear not these tidings to a foreign ear!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Memoirs of British Quadrupeds, illustrative principally of their Habits of Life, Instinct, Sagacity, and Uses to Mankind. Arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A.M. Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and late at Peterhouse, Cambridge. With Engravings from original Drawings, executed chiefly by Mr. Samuel Hewit.* 8vo. pp. 528. Darton *and* Harvey. 1809.

WE shall let Mr. Bingley explain his own design in writing the present work.

'The present,' says Mr. Bingley, 'is intended as the first volume of a series of Memoirs of British animals, in which for the accommodation of such persons as are inclined to pursue the study of any one branch of our zoology, in preference to the others, each class will be rendered perfectly distinct from the rest. The prominent features of this work are meant to consist in an accurate delineation of

the habits of life, instinct, and sagacity of the animals of Great Britain and Ireland, from the highest to the lowest classes. The technical and descriptive parts will be separated from the body of the work, and inserted at the end of each class in the form of a synopsis.'

We have been much pleased with the clearness and discrimination of many of the descriptions in this volume. Most of the plates are well executed; and on the whole we think it a work that will be very gratifying to the lovers of natural history; and a young person can hardly engage in a more delightful study, or one better calculated to enrich the mind with ideas, or to shew the wisdom and goodness of the great Author of the universe.

ART. 24.—*Abuses of Justice as illustrated by my own Case, disclosing various Practices of the Officers of Criminal Law, with a succinct Account of several interesting Trials, Anecdotes of certain Bankers, and hair-breadth Escapes of the Innocent, and the Guilty. Being a Vindication of the Author from several Charges of Forgery. By John Mackcoull.* pp. 183. Burton. 1809.

THIS volume discloses a melancholy scene of iniquity, of which we feel no inclination to abridge the recital; but it may suggest some useful hints to those who are interested in the police, or wish to investigate the moral state of the metropolis.

ART. 25.—*C. Cornelius Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum, et de Vita Agricolæ. Ex Editione Gabrielis Brotier. Locis Annalium et Historiarum ab eo citatis, selectis et additis, Cura Richardi Relhan, A.M. R.S.S. et S.L.A. Floræ Cantabrigiensis auctoris, et villæ de Hemingby in Agro Lincolniensi Rectoris. Londini,* 1809; *veneunt apud Longman & So. Pret.* 7*s.*

IF this separate publication of two most interesting pieces of Tacitus is the means of introducing the more general study of that writer into our classical schools, the learned editor will have performed a useful task. We could wish that he had printed the notes under the text, and we should have read the text itself with more pleasure if he had omitted the numerous figures which refer to the notes, and distract the attention of the reader. When the words which are explained are printed in the italic letter at the beginning of the notes, no other reference is necessary.

ART. 26.—*The Academy, or a Picture of Youth.* 12*mo.* pp. 182. 3*s.* 6*d. bound.* 1808.

THIS volume contains some pleasing tales; and the whole is calculated to leave salutary impressions on the juvenile mind.

ART. 27.—*The History of an Officer's Widow, and her young Family.* 12*mo.* pp. 182. 3*s. bound.* Harris. 1809.

THIS story is not devoid of sensibility and interest; the general tendency is to show, that in every situation in life, a man may find

occasion to exercise those virtues which he does possess, and to acquire those in which he is deficient. We agree with the author in his preface that it is right to stamp moral lessons on the heart, in those moments when, from the operation of the tender sympathies, they are most likely to be permanent.

ART. 28.—*Panthea Queen of Susa; a Tragedy, in five Acts.* 8vo. *pp.* 89. 2*s.* 6*d.* Miller, Chancery-lane.

EVERY scholar must have perused the subject of this tragedy in the elegant and pathetic narrative of Xenophon; and those, who have read this affecting tale in the Cyropædia, will, we think, agree with us that it can never be dramatised without a diminution of the interest. It is no disgrace to the author of the present attempt to say that he has not been successful in accomplishing that, which it is probable that the most elevated talents would have attempted in vain.

ART. 29.—*Exempla propria; or English Sentences translated from the best Roman Writers, and adapted to the Rules of Syntax; to be again translated into the Latin Language, designed for the Use of junior Boys in Classical Schools. By the Rev. George Whitaker, A. M. Master of the Grammar School in Southampton.* Law, Ave-Maria Lane, 12*mo.* 3*s. boards. pp.* 179.

THIS appears to us a very useful introductory book for the learner of the Latin languages. The examples are literally translated from classical authors of the greatest purity and elegance; and the English and Latin are placed in opposite pages, which will be found to save time, and accelerate improvement. We will give one short specimen.

The short sum of life forbids us to form remote expectations.	Brevis, e. adj. summa, æ. f. vita, æ. f. veto, are, *act.* ego, inchoo, are, *act.* longus, *adj.* spes, ei. f.

ART. 30.—*Opinion delivered by Dr. Duncan, Senior, in the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, on the 13th of September,* 1808, *upon a Charge against Dr. Gregory for wilful and deliberate Violation of Truth.* Edinburgh. 4*to. pp.* 68. Neill. 1809.

IT would occupy more space than we can spare, or than our readers would approve, to enter at length into all the details of the schism which appears to have arisen among the members of the college of physicians of Edinburgh; or of the charges which Dr. Gregory has brought against the college, and of the proceedings of the college against Dr. Gregory; and any of the parties concerned might justly blame us if we gave a partial and imperfect account of what so materially concerns the professional and moral character of respectable individuals.

ART. 31.—*Killing no Murder; a Farce, in two Acts, as performed with great Applause at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, together with a Preface, and the Scene suppressed by Order of the Lord Chamberlain. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq. The Music by Mr. Hook, Sen.* 8vo. *Third Edition. pp.* 35. 2*s.* Tipper.

WE do not see why the lord chamberlain or his deputy should

have objected to any part of this performance. The passages which have been suppressed contained no *personal* satire, no invidious reflections against any ostensible individual. The Methodists are a large mass of people; and hypocrites and profligates must naturally be expected to be found among them, as well as among other sects, and other civil or religious corporations. Quakers, Puritans, and Jews, have often been brought upon the stage without the prohibitory interposition of the lord chamberlain. Why then may not the methodists or sectarians of any other species? If large classes of men, who come under a particular denomination, are never to be suffered in any particular instance to make their appearance on the boards of the theatre, we must exclude lawyers, doctors, shopkeepers, usurers, and, in short, all the different professions and trades which constitute the mixed mass of human society. Neither lawyers nor doctors are offended by seeing their professions apparently held up to ridicule in the character of some particular individual; and why should the lord chamberlain or his deputy evince so much deference to the tender sensibilities of a sect, who harbour an implacable hostility against all dramatic representations? We do not say that all methodists are sensualists, or hypocrites; but we do suppose that sensualists and hypocrites may be found among them as well as among other sects; and why should a dramatic writer be prevented any more from representing a methodist as a hypocrite than a lawyer as a cheat, a physician as an ignoramus, or a Jew as a usurer? We congratulate Mr. Hook on the success of his performance, notwithstanding the hostility which was evinced towards it by the methodistic partialities of the licenser.

ART. 23.—*Observations on the Causes which constitute Unsoundness in Horses, considered in regard to the Sale and Purchase of those Animals. Dedicated to the Gentlemen of the English Bar. "Equo ne credite, Teucri." Virg. By Richard Lawrence, Veterinary Surgeon, Fellow of the Birmingham Philosophical Society, and Author of An Inquiry into the Structure and Animal Œconomy of the Horse.* 8vo. *pp.* 82. 5*s.* Crosby. 1809.

IN a good humoured and lively dedication to the gentlemen of the bar, in whose *august presence* the professional experience of the author has often been summoned to appear, Mr. Lawrence points out some analogies between those honourable members of society, and this noble quadruped. But he well remarks that he cannot find in the former any quality which corresponds with that of *short windedness* or *shyness*, to which the latter are often unfortunately liable. In the article of *restiveness*, in *kicking*, and *wincing*, and *moving sideways*, when they ought to *go straight forward*, the gentlemen of the long robe, may often challenge *no indirect comparison* with the disposition of the solid-hoofed animal. In this work our readers will find a brief, but perspicuous account of the diseased states, and organic læsions, to which horses are liable, and by which they are constituted unsound. The following remarks on the age

of the horse will probably be agreeable to many, and may not improbably be useful to some of our readers.

'The horse possesses forty teeth, viz. twelve front teeth, or incisores, or nippers, twenty four molares, or grinders, and four canine teeth, which are called tushes: these last are wanting in the mare, except in some very few instances. Until five years old, the age of the horse is ascertained by the successive shedding of the twelve front teeth or incisores, which process begins at two years and a half old, and is carried on in the following order, namely from two years and a half until three, he sheds the two middle teeth of the lower jaw, and also of the upper jaw. From three years and a half until four, he sheds the two next in both jaws. From four and a half until five, he sheds the two corner teeth of both jaws; and, at the same time, the canine teeth or tushes make their appearance. He is then no longer called a colt. At the upper surface or top of every tooth, there is a small black cavity, resembling the eye of a bean. This cavity in the teeth of the lower jaw furnishes the age from five years until seven; after which period it is usual to pronounce the horse to be aged, and deprived of any signs whereby his age can be ascertained. Nevertheless, the age may be calculated until twelve years by the same marks in the upper jaw, which remain after those in the lower jaw are worn out. This will be explained in its proper place. At five years old, the black marks or cavities in the two middle teeth of the lower jaw are filled up, and nearly disappear; for as they are shed the first, so do they lose their marks before any of the rest. At six years old, the black marks of the two second teeth are filled up in the same manner as the foregoing. At seven years old until eight, the marks of the corner teeth of the lower jaw fill up and disappear. At the same time the tushes, which antecedently to this period were concave in the surface next to the tongue, alter their shape, and become round or convex. The marks of the lower teeth being all obliterated at eight years old, it will be necessary to have recourse to the upper teeth, which undergo the same process as the lower teeth, except with this difference, namely, that they do not begin to fill up until all the lower teeth are deprived of their marks, and that there is an interval of two years between every tooth in the upper jaw, whereas in the lower jaw the interval is only one year. Thus, at eight, the cavities of the two middle teeth of the upper jaw begin to fill up. At ten the cavities of the two next. And at twelve the cavities of the corner teeth are totally effaced. This rule, however, is subject to some variation in different horses, in proportion with the different qualities of their teeth, or on account of the habit of crib-biting, which wears away the teeth much faster than in their natural course.'

ALPHABETCAL CATALOGUE,

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The Appendix to the present Volume of the Critical Review, containing various articles of Foreign Literature, will be published on the 1st of next Month.